TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THERE appears to be a conspiracy on foot to deceive the people of Great Britain in regard to Canada and her North American relations, and as Canada, in the process, is being put in a very poor light, it seems necessary that the press of this country should not ignore the subject.

In a word, an endeavor is being made to persuade the British public that a crisis has arrived in the history of the British Empire, and that unless the people of the United Kingdom cease pondering and forthwith give Canada a tariff preference, this country will conclude a reciprocity treaty with the United States and be absorbed, first fiscally, and then politically, by the Republic.

When Lord Milner returned to London a few weeks ago after his visit to this country, we were informed in a despatch that he expressed his belief that he had succeeded in so stiffening opinion in Canada that we would, for another period, put up with British indecision in regard to tariff reform. This was news to us. We were not aware that Lord Milner had come to us as a physician and that we had responded to his skilful medicines.

Lord Northcliffe returned home from Canada a few weeks ago, also, and in The Daily Mail soon after, appeared an editorial entitled "America's Bid for Canada." It referred to the vote of the New York Chamber of Commerce in favor of reciprocity and continued: "If such a treaty is concluded it will mean nothing less than the absorption of Canada by her neighbor. This will be a disaster to the British race and end all the noble dreams and aspirations in which the largest minds of our race have indulged." The Daily Mail appeals strongly to Canadian patriotism to "show patience, for though the states of the Empire have waited long and been rebuffed often, the period of suspense is fast drawing to a close."

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THE average Canadian who reads the despatch quoting the words of The London Daily Mail will scarcely know what that journal wants him to be patient about. He is not aware that he has a grievance; that he has waited long, and been rebuffed. Nor is he conscious of having had his opinions stiffened or in any way influenced by the speeches that Lord Milner delivered to a few people of his own way of thinking while he was here. It is quite evident, however, that a small group of Britishers and a small group of Canadians are busy helping each other to fashion an Empire, and are getting each other excited as they run to and fro on the job.

The attempt to persuade the British public that the Dominion of Canada is a great big wobbly, gawky youth of a nation, with no mind of its own, no character and purpose of its own, and is only saved from flopping over into the arms of the neighboring Republic by the wonderful loyalty and watchfulness of a few individuals here, the artful speeches of a few titled visitors who come to us now and then, and the promises made of petting and fat rewards when tariff reform comes—the attempt to picture this country in this light is one that can scarcely prove pleasing to Canadians.

There is no crisis anywhere in sight so far as one can see from any of the hills surrounding Toronto. Almost any of the oldest inhabitants will testify that he never knew the country so entirely at its ease, and indulging in so few conjectures as to what is enfolded in the mists of the years ahead.

Very few among us show any concern about the agitation in Great Britain on tariff reform. Most of us regard it as a domestic matter in which we have no inclination to meddle. Some of us are not quite sure that inter-Imperial relations will become more fond if put on the basis of bargain and agreement, nor that trade can be conducted between us according to poets' ideals instead of on the principle of mutual advantage, keenly pressed on each side, so that advantage may be what it can be.

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THE British preference granted by Canada was granted by a ministry that wanted to get even with some people. The Liberals of this country had had "the old flag" shoved down their throats until it nauseated them. The Conservatives had carried the elections of 1891 as "the loyal party." They worked this for all it was worth, but other things not being equal, their vociferous loyalty did not save them at the polls in 1896. The Liberals gained office, and one day the new ministry announced its policy granting a preference on British goods entering the Canadian market. Anyone who saw the Liberal members stand up in the House of Commons that day and sing "God Save the Queen," will remember how thoroughly they enjoyed this turning of the tables on their opponents. It was a great stroke of politics. But it was a means of getting even in another quarter, too. The Liberal ministry had tried to negotiate a freer trade arrangement with the authorities at Washington—had tried to keep promises long made to the country in this respect, and had entirely failed. The failure was attended with circumstances personally annoying, even exasperating, to the Ottawa gentlemen concerned in it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that grass would grow on the path to Washington so far as he was concerned. Not only did the preference to British goods enable the Liberal ministry to get good and even with party opponents who had adopted the word "loyalty" as a party trade mark (which they forthwith relinquished), but it provoked much interest at Washington, for it was a novel and unexpected move, and in it were serious possibilities of injury to the United States.

As a stroke of policy the preference at that time had other advantages. The Liberals were expected to lower the tariff, and by this means they did it without doing it, if one may so express it. That is to say, the protectionist wall was lowered at one point—it was done strikingly, dramatically, nobody could fail to know of it—and yet, except in a few items, there was no inrush of goods of a class to dispute with our protected manufacturers for possession of the home markets. The preference had no such upsetting effect on our protected industries as would have followed had the tariff been slightly lowered on manufactures from the United States, for there are many wares used in Canada that are made only in North America, or not made elsewhere in the shapes, sizes or kinds that people fancy. The preference was, then, a great stroke of policy in various ways, and those who framed it have greatly admired it ever since.

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BUT it wasn't and it isn't, the poor little tear-stained offering of a loving daughter laid on the doorstep of a hard-hearted and brutally indifferent mother. Nor will Canada enjoy being pictured in any such role in the present melodrama of British politics—rebuffed, turning away heart-broken to seek shelter in the home of the stranger! Canada is not worrying about tariff reform in England, nor about reciprocity talk in New York, for this country has not the slightest doubt that she can get along famously should nothing come of either of these movements, and feels quite competent to take care of herself in negotiations with either party—without losing her free agency, either fiscally or politically, in either event.

There is no shadow of reason for saying in England that haste must be made with tariff reform or Canada will pass beyond reach. People in this country are extremely skeptical about reciprocity talk from New York or Washington. We have heard it before. Should representatives of the two countries meet we shall find, as usual, that our neighbors will lay before us in some new form a glittering proposal to admit raw materials from this country into their country free of duty, if we will admit their manufactured articles free into Canada. Every ten or fifteen years some clever politician across the border happens on this idea, thinks it a new one, and doesn't rest happy until he has tried it on us. Let our cousins in London be easy in their minds about the resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Over here we know what it means. Somebody in New York has happened on the same old idea of arranging a nice friendly reciprocity treaty with Ottawa, whereby Canada can ship pulpwood free into the United States provided the United States can ship paper in all its forms free into Canada. Also, they will admit our wheat, if we will admit their flour, bread, biscuits, cakes, and other products of flour, whether in boxes, tins, barrels or crates. They will offer to admit our lumber free, if we will admit their furniture, office fixtures, beds, bedsteads, mattresses, wire fences, gas and electric fixtures, cut glass and leather goods. And when, after six months haggling, no treaty can be agreed upon, they will be genuinely surprised that we do not accept their offers. Let nobody in England worry for the moment because Uncle Sam is talking of reciprocity with Canada. His idea of reciprocity with us is an arrangement whereby he can sell us a train-load and buy from us a pailful. We already spend three dollars in his shop for every one he spends in ours. None the less, he is a great old boy and an inspiring neighbor, in so far as material progress is concerned.

ANOTHER despatch tells us that the Lancashire Post is wondering whether the Imperial Press Congress to be held in London in May or June is not being engineered with the object of bringing the colonial press into line on the tariff reform issue. "Any attempt," says a writer in that journal, "to hobble the Canadian press will be frustrated by the American overtures for reciprocity." If those who are arranging the Press Congress entertain the hope that they can take the Canadian press into the camp of a British political party, the attempt will fail, but not for the reason mentioned by the Lancashire Post. On invitation of the committee in London, the managers of the six daily newspapers in Toronto met and selected three representatives to attend the Congress. These three men are Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., of The World; Mr. J. E. Atkinson of The Star, and Mr. J. A. Macdonald of The Globe. The three representatives of the Montreal press are Sir Hugh Graham, Mr. J. S. Brierly, and Mr. G. Langlois, M.P.P. These men will not be taken into camp by anybody. Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Atkinson especially hold very strongly to the view that Great Britain should adhere to Free Trade if she wants to, and should not depart from it except convinced that it would be to her own advantage. These two men not only hold strong views, but can express them effectively. Of the others, Mr. Brierley, at least, would take the same stand and maintain it against all comers. Mr. Maclean, too, while a protectionist, would probably argue that as he wants no outside interference in Canadian affairs, he is not prepared to meddle between parties in Great Britain. It is pretty safe to say that the Canadians will not be taken into anybody's private camp.

If Great Britain gives Canadian products a preference in her markets, it should be given because the United Kingdom has become convinced of the soundness of the policy in so far as she herself is concerned. It should not be granted through fear of losing Canada. It should not be a price paid us. We do not want to be accused of taxing anybody's bread. We do not want to bear, in the future, responsibility for domestic conditions in England, which may be charged against the change of policy at present proposed, for we do not expect Great Britain to become a paradise after tariff reform.

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ON this spelling dispute most business men are, perhaps, pretty much like the leading merchant who, when interviewed by a reporter, said he believed that it was the practice of his firm to use the "u" in all such words as favor, rigor, harbor, etc., but on making enquiry of his stenographer was informed that the "u" was not used in words of that class. No doubt the use of the superfluous letter had been discontinued years ago, yet he had not known of it. In fact, stenographers spell pretty much as they choose.

While not caring much how the general dispute may be settled, I would rather like to see the missing letter restored in one of the words. It does not seem to me that "honor" is what "honour" used to be. In other days it meant a great deal to a man, and whole families thought much upon it. In the days when men prided themselves on their business honour we did not have all this graft, these rake-offs, these embezzlements, these conspiracies on the part of secret combines to crush out individuals. But while a man's "honour" used to forbid him to accept dishonest profits, it seems that his "honor" only asks that he get his loot legally.

It was a point of honour with a man to pay his just dues. But a man's honor does not require him to pay income tax if he can avoid doing so.

Honor permits men to shift securities from one vault to another between the 31st of December and the 1st of January, so that they may seem to exist in neither place, or in both. Honour never countenanced anything of that kind.

Honor permits men at the head of a public service company to make a contract with a city, and then hire the smartest lawyers to get them out of having to do what they solemnly engaged to do. Honour, in its palmy days, forbade that sort of moral hunkersliding.

Honor wants the written agreement placed on the table. Honour used to enquire if the men had pledged their words to each other.

The sense of honor, since it came into general use, has permitted men to make fortunes, and win and hold political and other successes by ways and means that would have shocked the sense of honour.

"Honor" is not what "honour" was, either in personal or business affairs, and while the argument concerning the other words in this group may end in a decision either way so far as this journal is concerned, I believe the experiment of restoring the "u" to the maimed, diminished and inconsequential word "honor" is well worth trying. It might recover its dignity and import. Perhaps if it were the only word in the group spelled in the old way, it would be worth while to so distinguish it.

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THERE seem to be real questions at issue in British politics. One force is making for tariff reform—that is to say protection with preferences to Canada and the other young nations within the family. Another force is making for the overthrow of privilege—that is to say the abolition of the House of Lords and the throwing open of the land to the people.

Of the latter we hear less in Canada than about the former. The House of Lords—whose members own an astonishingly large acreage of the United Kingdom—during the last session threw out the Land Valuation Bill of Scotland, the principles of which would naturally be applied to England later on. A petition signed by 246 members of Parliament was presented to the Prime Minister in November, asking that "a tax on land values" be included in next year's budget. In a public speech since then Mr. Asquith has stated that the centre of the Government's activity may be looked for in that budget. Mr. Lloyd-George in his Liverpool speech declared that the Government wishes to do something that will bring the land within reach of the people. "We want," he said, "to put an end to the system by which the land is retailed by the ounce, so that there should not be an extra grain of breathing space." The resources of the land were, he said, frozen by the old feudal system, and he said: "I am looking forward to the springtime when the thaw will set in, and when the people and the children of the people shall enter into the inheritance that has been given them from on high." In one of the London papers appeared these lines:

"'Per foot' and 'per rod' for land made by God.
For places to work, sleep, and feed in;
Thousands of acres, by man's foot untrod,
For foxes and pheasants to breed in."

Much is being printed and spoken in this vein. The Labor members in the Commons are making speeches everywhere, pointing out that land is taxed on the valuation of 1692 and only brings in one million pounds to the State, while if taxed on present valuation it would yield forty million pounds.

There are real issues before the people of England. One party offers them tariff reform. The other offers them complete social reconstruction. Fortunate the people with such great choices before them!

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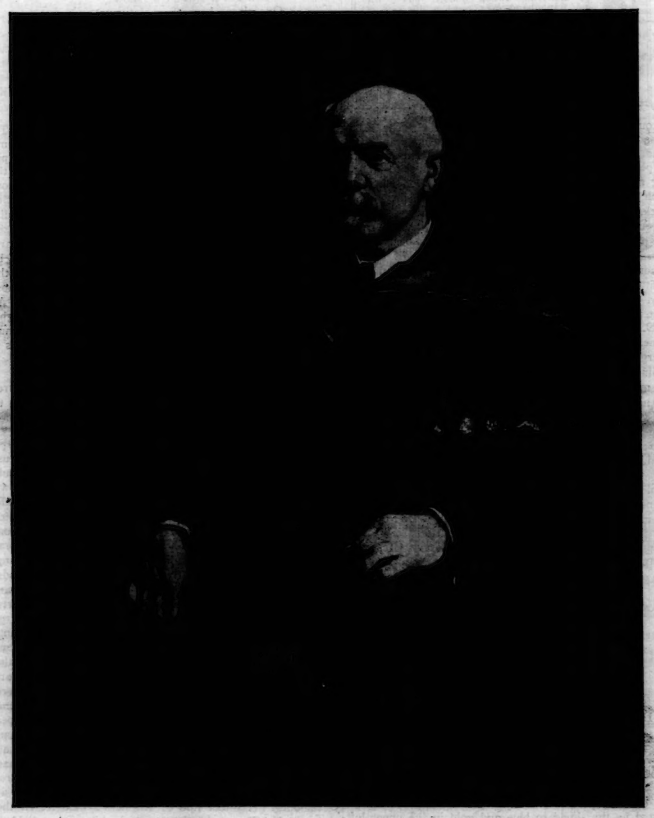
DURING the week I have been reading a book of letters, the private letters of more or less prominent citizens of the United States, published in a volume, "The Friendly Craft," by E. D. Hanscom (The Macmillan Company of Canada; $1.25). Letters had an importance a century ago, or even fifty years ago, that they do not now possess, because in those days people were dependent on their private correspondents for all kinds of news and gossip, now furnished in abundance by the press. When John Hancock went to Philadelphia the people at home knew nothing about his doings except what he told them in his letters. When the John Hancock of to-day goes to Washington and there makes a speech, his family at home read all about it next morning at breakfast. Travel, too, was difficult in those days and not undertaken lightly, so that a long journey naturally resulted in long letters; but the Mrs. Hancock of to-day can board a Pullman and glide up to Washington and hear her lord speak if she cares to. In going through these old letters it is interesting to happen on one written by George Washington to Capt. Thompson in July, 1766, dealing with a business transaction. It is interesting not only as showing what the "father of his country" was selling, but what he was buying. Here it is:

Mount Vernon, 2 July, 1766.

Sir:—With this letter comes a negro (Tom), which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the Islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return from him:

One hhd. of best molasses.
One ditto of best rum,
One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap,
One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs.
Two small ditto of mixed sweet meats, about 5 lbs. each.
And the residue, much or little, in good old spirits.

That the fellow is both a rogue and a runaway 'tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practised the latter till of late) I shall not pretend to deny. But that he is exceedingly healthy, strong, and good at the hoe, the whole neighborhood can testify, and particularly Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang; which gives me reason to hope he may, with good



PORTRAIT OF MAURICE HUTTON

BY WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK

THIS PORTRAIT HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

management sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale.

I shall cheerfully allow you the customary commission on this affair, and must beg the favor of you (lest he should attempt his escape) to keep him handcuffed till you get to sea, or in the bay, after which I doubt not but you may make him very useful to you.

I wish you a pleasant and prosperous passage, and a safe and speedy return.

Another letter that will prove very curious to those Canadians who have not read it before was that written by Benjamin Franklin to his daughter while he was in France in 1784. The news had just reached him that the bald eagle had been selected as the emblem of his country, and a proof of the design had been sent him. He wrote:

For my own part, I wish that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly..... With all this injustice he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward; the little Kingbird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district.....

I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours.....He is, besides, (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farmyard with a red coat on.

The objections raised by Franklin were well taken, at the time. But—it will probably be conceded now that to have adopted the turkey as the emblem would have been most inappropriate. An amusing letter showing that college boys were college boys even before the Revolution, is given in a letter written from Princeton in 1772 by Philip Fithian to his dear and much respected father. In the middle of his dutiful letter there is an indignant paragraph telling how two of the students were expelled from college "not for drunkenness, nor fighting, nor for swearing nor Sabbath-breaking," and these offences he mentions as if they were the breaches of the rules that one might naturally expect. "But they were sent," he says, "from this seminary, where the greatest Pains and Care are taken to cultivate and encourage Decency and Honesty and Honour, for stealing *Hens!* Shameful, mean, unmanly Conduct!"

From Charles Sumner's letter to Henry W. Longfellow in 1847 we learn that Sumner, before delivering his orations went through "the grinding labor" of committing his addresses to memory. When Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, was in America in 1860, Henry D. Thoreau wrote a friend deploring the fact that the young prince "could not enjoy a little of the legitimate experience of travelling—be dealt with simply and truly, though rudely." His idea was that the prince might have been allowed to visit a country house, where he could boat, fish, dig out a woodchuck, or do just as he pleased—and not meet Mr. Everett at all. Rufus Choate, writing to Charles Sumner, extolled Burke. "Out of Burke," he wrote, "might be cut 50 Mackintoshes, 175 Macauleys, 40 Jeffreys, and 250 Sir Robert Peels, and have been greater than Pitt and Fox together." But, of course, he had been bored by Macauley and Peel, but had not known Burke.

Last week on another page appeared some extracts from Greenslet's biography of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and in this book of letters appears one that Aldrich wrote to George E. Woodbury in 1892, in which he rails against the decadence of the times and the influx of undesirable people from other countries. The distant future to him looks gloomy:

I went home and wrote a misanthropic poem called "Unguarded Gates" (July Atlantic), in which I mildly protest against America becoming the cesspool of Europe. I'm much too late, however. I looked in on an anarchist meeting the other night, as I told you, and heard such things spoken by our "feller citizens" as made my cheek burn. These brutes are the spawn and natural result of the French Revolution; they don't want any government at all, they "want the earth" (like a man in a balloon) and chaos. My Americanism goes clean beyond yours. I believe in America for the Americans; I believe in the widest freedom and the narrowest license, and I hold that jail-birds, professional murderers, amateur lepers ("moon-eyed" or otherwise), and human gorillas generally should be closely questioned at our Gates. Or the "sifting" that was done of old will have to be done over again. A hundred and fifty years from now, Americans—if any Americans are left—will find themselves grilled for believing in God after their own fashion. As nearly as I can estimate it off-hand, there will be only five or six extant—the poor devils! I pity them prospectively. They were a promising race, they had good chances, but their politicians would coddle the worst elements for votes, and the newspapers would appeal to the slums for readers. The reins of government in all their great cities and towns slipped from the hands of the natives. A certain Arabian writer, called Rudyard Kipling, described exactly the government of every city and town in the (then) United States when he described that of New York as being "a despotism of the alien, by the alien, for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of decent folk."

But, of course, Aldrich was letting himself go in this letter to a friend. While a man of his type could scarcely admire the political and journalistic tendencies of his time, yet he could not seriously express a want of faith in the race. For Time is on the side of sunlight, hygiene, good sense and good morals.

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ON this page appears a portrait of Donald McLaren McIlvride, who, with courage and presence of mind, saved little Irene Haffey from drowning at Welland. In these days, when the man who commits a murder or excels in any other form of vice and crime, has his picture displayed in all the daily journals, it seems fitting that SATURDAY NIGHT should publish the portrait of a man who, instead of taking a life, by courage and quick good sense, rescued a little girl from drowning.

MACK.

Mr. Gibson and Inspector Johnston.

Editor Saturday Night: In the last issue of your paper you desired an answer to the following questions: "Will some one kindly explain why Chief License Inspector Joseph Johnson, of Toronto, Ont., is not as free to express an opinion against license reduction as he would be to express an opinion in favor of license reduction? Is it not rather late in the world's history for people to want to cut off a man's head because it does not hold the same opinion as their heads do?"

I have been a constant reader of your paper from the beginning and have often admired the keenness of your logic and the polish of your diction; in fact, no thoughtful man or woman can afford to miss reading your first page. I have long held to the idea that the man who sets my mental machinery in motion or sends me to read a book has done me an intellectual kindness, and you have often done both of these things for me, and in fact I think I owe you an apology for taking this length of time to give expression to my gratitude by making this acknowledgment. However, better late than never.

Now, as to your two questions. I fear for once, clever man as you are, you have failed to grasp the situation. We are not objecting to an expression of his opinion against license reduction, but what we do object to, and surely your own sense of decency will not find fault with us for so doing—is to be branded by Inspector Johnson as being very largely composed of men and women who are prompted to action by prejudice, hypocrisy and political leanings, and that ninety-five per cent. of our people is composed of this sort of material. Now, my dear Editor, suppose some one on our side had branded you and others who are opposed to license reduction as being composed of people almost entirely consisting of hypocrites and the fag ends of political parties. Would you be silent under such a charge? No doubt we have black sheep in our flock, and is that to be wondered at when you take into account the fact that we form a substantial majority of the people of this province, but the man who declares with brassy effrontery that ninety-five per cent. of our folk is composed of such stuff is a base slanderer and totally unfit to fill the position of Chief License Inspector of your city. What say you? Will you please read an editorial that appeared in The Mail and Empire, dated January 6, 1909. Please allow me to quote a fragment from the same: "It is not the momentary success of mere feverish energy excited in majorities by fanatical leaders. It has behind it the solid mass of more than half the voters in the municipalities in which it has prevailed. Those voters are not impulsive headlong zealots pushing their municipal community into an experiment whose favorable outcome is merely a matter of hope, but they are sober, responsible citizens approving a measure that has been tried and found satisfactory." Which of these pictures is true to life, the one drawn by the Inspector, the other by The Mail and Empire? I may add that The Globe asked Mr. Johnson if he was correctly reported in the published interview, and he said it was "All right." Do you think so?

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH GIBSON.

Ingersoll, Jan. 11, 1909.

The Insurance Co. Manager.

From the Bulletin.

NOW, the New Year reviving old Desires,
The Manager within himself retires
To cogitate if there be any Way
To get more Premiums and fewer Fires.

The Portrait of Maurice Hutton.

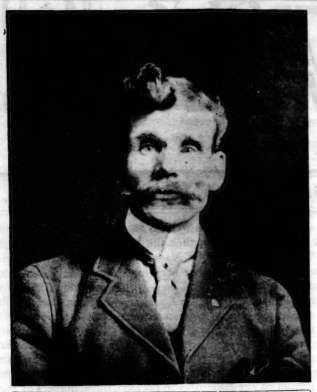
WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK'S portrait of Maurice Hutton has been purchased for the University of Toronto by the Board of Governors, and a print of it appears this week on our front page.

Mr. Hutton is the Principal of University College, and also Professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Toronto. He holds an Oxford degree, as is indicated by the shield in blue and gold in the upper left-hand corner of the canvas. The sitter is one of the best known and most popular of the professors at the University, and the extent and amount of his knowledge of the classics is only rivalled in the eyes of the students by the light wit and graceful satire he displays in speaking.

Possibly something of this lighter and, if it may be so called, kindlier side of Mr. Hutton's character will be found revealed in the portrait, yet no doubt, following the better traditions of the past, the mood chosen by the painter has been from the more serious and academic side of life.

This portrait as a work of art is specially noticeable for its perfection of tonality, the richness and splendor of its coloring, and the unusual vitality of the face and figure so well combined with the easy naturalness of the pose. Added to this is a certain masterful handling of materials shown throughout, but very especially in the silk gown, coat and other details. The application of the paint to the canvas, it will be noticed, is essentially direct and virile, and the result therefrom indicates that Cruikshank shows at his best in a school where force of expression, domination of purpose, and clearness of thought are the essentials aimed at.

Pupils of Cruikshank all over the world will be delighted at this recent success. Cruikshank has taught many, if not most, of the best young men of Canada for over a quarter of a century. He is noted for his drawing, for his landscapes, for his pictures of cattle, but of late he has come to the front as a portrait painter. One of his first works to attract attention in this line was a very light, sketchy and altogether delightful portrait or study of Professor Mavor. Then his portrait of Mr. Boultbee is considered to be a remarkable picture, executed with what approaches to, if it is not genius. Other portraits followed and have been shown at various Royal Canadian Academy Exhibitions.



DONALD McLAREN McILVRIDE

Who Bravely Saved a Girl's Life at Welland.

The above is a portrait of Donald McLaren McIlvride, of Welland, who, on January 2, with much courage and presence of mind, rescued from drowning Irene Haffey, the five-year-old daughter of James J. Haffey, superintendent of waterworks. McIlvride was on the town bridge at Welland when he heard children screaming on the river beneath, and looking down he saw that little Irene Haffey had broken through the ice and was clinging to the edge for dear life. The water there is about fifteen feet deep. Knowing that the ice would not hold him, McIlvride swung himself under the bridge and went hand over hand a distance of about twenty feet until he was over the spot where the child was, then sliding down a post he managed to catch her hand. Holding by one hand and his legs he was able to lift the child up, but could do nothing more until James Kilty, lock tender, came to his aid. McIlvride is a Perthshire man who has been a foundry employee in Welland for a couple of years.

Two Brothers of Saint Joe.

By CY WARMAN.

"NOW," said the one-armed soldier,
"I'll tell you ere I go
About the Border Brothers—
Twin brothers, of Saint Joe.

"One did things on the desert
In th' desert's dust and drouth,
The other took his musket
And soldiered at the South.

"One looked along a transit
And trailed a tape of steel;
One squinted o'er a cannon
That made the foeman reel.

"While one was puffing, snuffing
Away the vital Spark
The other kept his vigil
Where Sioux scalped in the dark.

"While one was routing rebels
Where th' white Potomac foams,
One chiseled out an Empire
That holds a million homes.

. . . . . .

"One sleeps in the Sierras
Beneath a shroud of snow;
One sleeps beneath a statue
Equestrian in Saint Joe.

"While one was making widows
The other made the West;
Now, children, choose your hero—
Which soldier battles best?"

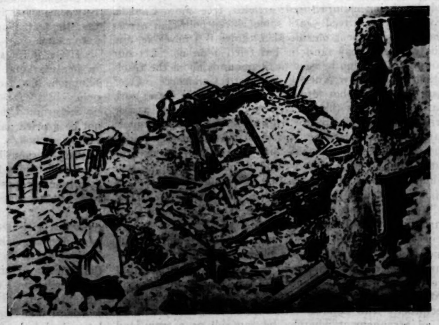
UNDER the contract with the Street Railway Co., Toronto's percentage of the gross receipts for the month of December amounted to $30,530.91, or about $1,000 per day. This is double the amount that was payable to the municipality for the same month five years ago. Those who expect better seating accommodation in course of time may as well drop the idea, the company having discovered that it pays better to haul the passengers squeezed into a few cars than comfortably seated in many cars. It is a simple business matter. The people are to be hauled back and forth daily at so much per head; the way to make money is to do this hauling at the least possible cost for rolling stock, electricity and hired help. As a car will hold more people if they are packed in upright, than it will if they are folded on seats, they will continue to be crated on end. Business is business and this is a business age.

"WOMEN'S minds are much cleaner than men's," remarked Mrs. Oliver Herford. "They ought to be," replied her husband; "they change them so much oftener."

MR. J. S. LARKE, the Canadian Trade Agent in Australia, has written an interesting report on trade which has been published by the department at Ottawa in the weekly reports. He says: "There should be sufficient freight to warrant a steamship company to enter into direct trade between Canada and Australia from Eastern Canadian ports." Although there are several routes now open to Canadian exporters in Eastern Canada, they call for the too frequently handling of the goods. He continues: "A risk in the transhipment of goods, particularly where the transhipment occurs at German ports, arises from theft. A merchant of Sydney recently received an invoice for a case of ribbons shipped at Antwerp. On receiving the case it was empty, all the contents having been stolen. Recently a discovery fixed the point at which thefts occur. A Perth importer had ordered 10,000 cigars from the United States. They were shipped by a German line, and upon arrival it was found that 1,100 cigars were missing. In their places were paper bags bearing the name of a provision merchant at Hamburg, a brush and a workman's apron. The latter had apparently been damp when placed in the case and had damaged 5,600 more of the cigars. It is clear, therefore, that the theft had taken place during the transhipment at Hamburg. A direct line of steamers should lessen the cost of freight and the risk to which shippers are liable."

CANADA is the makings of a great nation, not in spite of its winter, but largely because of its winter. Toronto Telegram.

ONE penny invested at compound interest at five per cent. at the commencement of the Christian era, would at the beginning of this century have amounted to £75,763,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, says The Nova Scotian, the monthly journal of the Bank of Nova Scotia. But what's the use of telling a fellow that, since he had no ancestor at that early time with enough sense and affection for him to invest a penny for him?



A SCENE IN RUINED BOGNARI.

Not a building was left standing in Bognari as a result of the earthquake. This disaster in Italy is one of the most destructive of life and property in the world's history.

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She—You say you could hypnotize me. Could you make me believe that we were in a motor car, and that we were going faster and faster—. He—well—er—ah—that would have to be done by auto-suggestion.—Harper's Bazar.

(Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India)—"What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—Tit-Bits.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JAN. 14.

THE announcement that the Dominion Textile Company had succeeded in selling in London one million of its common stock at 58 1-2 with the immediate prospect of closing with the Britishers for another two millions at 68 1-4, is followed with a demand by the mill hands for the restoration of the old wage scale, which would mean an increase of ten per cent. over the scale now in force. The Textile Company has answered the demand with the statement that they cannot afford to restore wages to their former level. This latter statement is interesting when one goes back over the deal creating this five millions of common stock. The fact that the total cost of this stock to the little syndicate of twenty-one originally holding it was but ten dollars per share, or ten per cent. of its par value, and that this constituted the rake-off of those who formulated the present Dominion Textile Company, has before been referred to in these columns. The stock was long ago placed on a five per cent. basis, so that the original syndicate, if they still retain their holdings, are getting back every two years their total investment. Under these circumstances the fortunes of such men (members of the original syndicate) as H. S. Holt, David Yuile, G. A. Grier, J. P. Black, the Forgets, Robert Mackay and the rest are not to be wondered at. It takes every twelve months $250,000 of net earnings to pay the dividend on this stock, the original purchase price of which was exactly $500,000, so the fact that the Merger cannot afford to restore its old wage scale is not much to be wondered at. The difficulty with nearly all the textile mills in Canada seems to be an overabundance of water. This was the case in the old days with the Dominion Cotton Company attached to which there was many millions of water, and upon which in prosperous times dividends were paid. When the pinch came, however, the management called for a higher tariff against foreign goods, forgetting apparently that the protection they did receive was sufficient had they operated their mills upon a fair capitalization.

⁂

Steel.

Andrew Carnegie, before the Ways and Means Committee at Washington recently, gave some figures as to steel production and the profits derived therefrom which have a very vital interest here in Canada. Among other things Mr. Carnegie stated that the average net absolute profit of the Steel Corporation on a year's output was $158,000,000 on ten million tons of steel, or about $15.50 per ton. Here in Canada we have not only a protective tariff, but also the bonus system from which the steel manufacturers derive a profit of something like one-fourth of the selling value of their product. In other words the bonuses received from the Dominion Government by such corporations as the Dominion Iron and Steel Company should pretty nearly pay the wage bill of these mils. The average wage paid at Sydney would probably be considerably lower than at Pittsburgh, and again until the breaking of the contract by the Dominion Coal Company, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company was getting its fuel at less than cost, which, of course, the mills of the Steel Corporation do not do. What, then, is the trouble? To the casual observer it looks as if the Canadian mills had it all their own way, and at the same time there is not one of them of any size that is paying a dividend on its common stock. This is an enigma that is troubling a good many Canadians just now and perhaps some steel man may throw light upon it.

⁂

The Mexican Row.

It would appear that the Mexican Light and Power directors had not played their last card in the fight against the merging of their corporation with the Mexican Tramways Company, the details of which were referred to last week in these columns. At a recent meeting of the Power Company directors the stock was placed on a six per cent. basis, while under the pending lease the stockholders would only be entitled to four per cent. It now remains to be seen whether a majority of the stockholders are willing to sacrifice two per cent. in order to put the deal through. Apparently satisfied that the lease will go through as planned, Mackay Edgar and F. S. Pearson both left for Europe a few days ago, and this latest move of the old directorate of Mexican Power will no doubt cause them some surprise when they hear of it on the other side of the Atlantic. Their answer will probably be that this is a mere bluff, and that the company cannot maintain a dividend of six per cent. The directors, on the other hand, state that the company is making more money each month and that the rate can, barring disasters, be easily kept at that figure.

⁂

The Greatest Banks.

That oft-repeated, but most inaccurate statement that the Bank of Montreal is either the second or third largest banking institution in the world, has been finally and officially set at rest by Mr. H. M. P. Eckhardt, himself a banker and a well-informed one. By means of a great deal of hard work, Mr. Eckhardt has compiled a statement showing just where the principal banks of the world stand in matters of capital, and reserve and total assets. In total assets the Bank of Montreal ranks thirtieth, and in capital and reserve twentieth. In total assets the Bank of England ranks seventh, while in matters of capital and reserve the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is first. Two banks in the United States exceed the Bank of Montreal as regards capital and reserve, and also total assets. These are the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce, both of New York.

Mr. Eckhardt's list is a long one, so I will content myself with enumerating the first ten in the world as regards capital and reserve, though they do not accord with the list when the question of total assets is taken into consideration. It is probably, however, a fairer comparison as some of the banks in the Old World crowd their asset column with items which would not come under that heading in Canada, England or the United States: Bank of England, $89,000,000; Credit Lyonnaise, $75,000,000; Deutsche Bank, $74,274,000; Bank of Germany, $61,000,000; Dresdner Bank, $57,000,000; Berlin Bank, $56,000,000; National City Bank, $48,000,000; Bank of Italy, $45,069,000; Banco de Chili, $45,000,000; National Bank of Commerce, $39,000,000.

⁂

TORONTO, January 14.

That Canada can borrow about $200,000,000 in a twelve-month from Great Britain is certainly an assurance that this country has the confidence of the investing public in Britain. And it means that Canada is not standing idle. The resources of this country are many, but it is the agricultural possibilities, doubtless, that stand out most prominently. The shrewd Britisher, who has money to lend, looks on all sides of the investment, and he seldom errs in his judgment. Canada has been making rapid forward strides, and as a field for investment she stands easily first among the colonies of the Empire. Although rich in minerals, fish and lumber, it is the annual return from the production of her soil that is the chief attraction, and this development has only begun. There are millions of acres awaiting the plow, and it may be truthfully said that for years to come there will be no limit to our agricultural production. This line of resource has no speculative features. As railway communication extends throughout the country, production of grain becomes assured. Money borrowed for the extension of railways and for new lines in the West must necessarily create wealth. New towns and cities will follow, with the result that a larger market will be made for manufacturers. With judicious tariff regulations on our part, the British manufacturer will naturally benefit in our country's development. It is to the British investor that Canada looks to for the development of our Western resources. She has the money lying idle and seeking employment. Her own development is circumscribed by her limited territory. Britain really is the only big creditor country in the world, although France is beginning to make similar pretences. It is said that France drew $350,000,000 in interest from her foreign investments last year, but even this large sum is a drop in the bucket when compared with the annual interest paid the Little Isle by foreign countries. The United States is practically in the same boat with Canada. She cannot finance her own local development schemes, let alone giving Canada any help. Canada got the greatest part of its loans from Great Britain. Though there were large sums in its chartered institutions, the Dominion Government owed Great Britain $254,000,000, and the provincial Governments owed her $50,000,000. Besides these sums, other large amounts were owed privately, which made Canada's total indebtedness to the Old Land $600,000,000. Roughly speaking, the annual interest on this amount is $25,000,000, and for the amount borrowed this year $8,000,000. While some may perhaps think these borrowings very heavy, Canada can well afford it. To pay the interest on our loans for the past year, for instance, it will take an increased production of wheat of say about 9,000,000 bushels, and who doubts that our three Western provinces this year will fail to produce this comparatively small increase?

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Bank Reports.

Several of our banks have issued their annual statements within the week, and they are all, or should be, highly satisfactory to their shareholders. While these banks have not increased their reserve funds through net earnings, these reserves have been increased through premiums on new stock sold, and the banks have augmented their profit and loss accounts considerably. This has been done after paying the usual dividends and after making due allowances for depreciation of bank premises. Large additions have also been made to officers' pensions and guarantee funds. The Dominion Bank earned more money in 1908 than ever before, but owing to increased paid-up capital, the percentage of earnings to this capital is slightly less. Net profits were $641,318, or at the rate of 16.25 per cent. on $3,983,392 capital, as compared with 17.77 per cent. in 1907 on a smaller capital. The Dominion Bank, after paying shareholders at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, writing $100,000 off bank premises, and transferring $148,274 (premium on new capital), has a balance of $302,996, which was carried forward to profit and loss account. The Reserve Fund is now $4,981,731.62, or $1,000,000 more than the paid-up capital. Total deposits by the public in the Dominion Bank are nearly $38,000,000, an increase of $3,700,000 during the past twelve months. The deposits have now reached the highest point in the history of the institution. Cash assets amount to over $10,000,000 and the immediately available assets $17,886,000, or 43 per cent. of the total liabilities to the public.

The Traders Bank has had an excellent year, with profits of $500,217, and carrying forward $190,982 to profit and loss account, an increase of over $165,600. Earnings were about 12 per cent. on average paid-up capital, which at the end of the year amounted to $4,353,592. The "rest" account amounts to $2,000,000. Shareholders received about $305,000, or at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. The liquid assets of the bank have increased to $9,174,000, or over 26 per cent. of total liabilities. Deposits have grown to $25,385,117, an increase of over $2,000,000 for the year.

The Royal Bank shows net profits of $746,775 for the year, which is equal to 18.10 per cent. on paid-up capital. This bank was an exception to the rule, for it added $210,000 to reserve fund, making a total of $4,600,000. The paid-up capital is $3,900,000. Deposits of the Royal increased $4,185,000 the past year. Liquid assets increased $2,373,747, an increase of $21,944,400 for the year.

⁂

Conditions in Canada.

In his address to the shareholders of the Bank of Commerce, President Walker dealt very fully with financial and trade conditions in Canada. The report will well repay a careful perusal. On the subject of our foreign trade, Mr. Walker says: Owing to the change in the fiscal year of the Dominion Government, which now ends March 31, we cannot make very useful comparisons between the years ending at that time in 1907 and 1908, but it is evident that up to the end of March, 1908, no decrease in the volume of imports and exports had taken place. But by comparing the half-years—April to September inclusive—we obtain very suggestive figures. For this half-year in 1907 the imports were $202,700,000 against $149,500,000 in 1908, and the exports were $138,200,000 against $118,700,000 in 1908. So that an excess of imports amounting to $64,500,000 for the half-year in 1907 had been lessened to $30,800,000 in 1908. As far as the mere lessening of the difference between exports and imports is concerned, this is fairly satisfactory. During the ensuing half-year—October to March inclusive—both exports and imports will doubtless show large increases, but it will be very interesting to see whether

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NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.

By order of the Board,

R. CAMPBELL,
Acting General Manager.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

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THE BANK OF TORONTO.

The Bank of Toronto held its 53rd annual meeting to-day when the directors' statement of the bank's affairs for the year was laid before the stockholders. The year's profits were $582,156, from which dividends of 10 per cent. were paid to the shareholders. This makes the 26th consecutive year for which dividends at this rate have been declared. During these years a rest account of $4,500,000 has been accumulated (being $500,000 larger than the paid-up capital), besides which the sum of $227,050 is reserved in profit and loss account.

The deposits now stand at $26,879,305, showing an increase of $1,472,212 for the year.

The bank is in an unusually strong position as to cash and other quick assets, the amount held being about 38 per cent. of the total sum due to the public. The total assets amount to $39,755,604. Ten years ago these assets stood at $16,032,794. The difference shows the extent to which the bank has increased its strength and resources in order to meet the many demands for banking accommodation caused by the rapid growth of our country during that period.

The Sunday School Teacher—"And now, children, can you tell me, when Balaam and his ass conversed, what language they spoke in?" Little Harry Green—"Please, sir, Assyrian."—The Bellman.

Mistress (to new servant)—"Why, Bridget, this is the third time I've had to tell you about the fingerbowls. Didn't the lady you last worked for have them on the table?" Bridget—"No, mum; her friends always washed their hands before they came."—Lippincott's.

"Well, yes," said Old Uncle Lazzenberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenstances of the village. "Almira Stang has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry Tootwiler. They'd be goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been inculcatin' into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy; but when she discovered, just lately, that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up two hundred and seventeen pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding, she 'peared to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally, and broke off the match."—Puck.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 74

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of February next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th January, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 23rd December, 1908.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

we have maintained or improved the relation between what we sell abroad and what we buy. So long as we are not only settling large numbers of immigrants in our new provinces but spending what is necessary to prepare for still larger immigration, we must expect to buy abroad more than we sell, but financial safety lies in preserving reasonable proportions between our purchases and sales. The great differences of the last few years have—except during temporary periods of stringency—been adjusted with comparative ease by the sale of our securities, mainly in Great Britain, but also to a small extent in the United States.

The railway mileage in the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta has grown from 2,000 miles in 1900 to 8,560 miles in 1908, and the demand for branch lines is still as pressing as ever. The Premier of Alberta has stated his views as to the necessity for greater transportation facilities in his province so urgently that we cannot doubt but that his people and those of Saskatchewan are keenly alive to the advantage and necessity of being able to get their crops speedily to the seaboard. The movement of cars will illustrate the poorness of the crop of 1907 and the excellence of the crops of 1906 and 1908, and also the improved capacity of the railroads. For the twelve months ending 31st August, 1907, the number of cars carrying grain was 80,507; for the corresponding period in 1908 63,978, while for only three months of 1908, from September to November inclusive, the number was 48,898. In Southern Alberta and at scattered points elsewhere there have been strong complaints of car shortage, but as a whole the service of the railroads has been better than usual.

The Land Where the King Is—Wheat.

From London "Canada."

I'M back to the land, to the prairie land, where the league long furrows roll,
It's a dollar a bushel to-day on the street, and a dollar a bushel is hard to beat,
When the granary 's filled to the roof with wheat,
For the farmer has taken his golden toll,
In the land where the King is—Wheat.

And firm is the grip of the toil-worn hand, and it's ho for the folks at home,
For hearts are warm midst the snow and sleet, and it's "Hullo! Jack, and Tom and Pete,"
As we walk down the crowded village street,
In the land where the King is—Wheat.

The telephone rings in the farmer's hall, his auto stands at his gate,
Ho! "What's the price on track to-day? A dollar? I guess I'll wait."
"How much?" "Ten thousand of No. 1, and half ten thousand more,
So I'll hold till spring, for I've nothing to meet,
And I've cattle and sheep and hogs to eat
In the land where the King is—Wheat."

You may search the world over, from clime to clime,
You may travel from shore to shore,
You may try as you like, but you ne'er will find
A land where Prosperity knocks at the door,
Like the land which we measure by miles, not feet,
The land where the King is—Wheat!

Where each field is a farm, and the line runs true, past mile and succeeding mile,
Just ploughing and stubble, a house, p'raps two, and straw in golden pile,
Rather dreary, you say; but think of the day when we'll feed the world with wheat,
By heavens! it's a Kingdom, and can't be beat,
The land where the King is—Wheat!

Then here's to the men of the prairie land, and their wives, and their children, too,
They've fought the fight with stubborn pride, and they've won, as their sires were wont to;
They've tasted the iron, they've gained the sweet,
They're the breed that would never acknowledge defeat,
And they own the land where the King is—Wheat.

Boisevain, Man. —Arthur S. Barton.

Scotchmen Fit In.

THE Victoria Colonist says: In an address before the Morayshire Farmers' Club a short time ago, George A. Ferguson, farmer, Surradale, near Elgin, Scotland, who was a member of the recent agricultural commission to Canada, related some of his experiences in the Dominion. In his concluding remarks Mr. Ferguson said Canada was a great country, a country of untold possibilities with its rich soil and superb climate. It was the land for the worker and for the man of ambition—above all, it was the land for Scotchmen who found their field too lean and too narrow. Scotchmen seemed to fit into the ways of Canada at once, and thought it a better home even than the one they had left. Canada could offer everything that the heart of many a hard-working father of a family desired. The strength of home ties compelled many a one to live miserably in the Old Country when by the same energy and application he could, with the better opportunities in Canada, live in comfort and security. With its great wealth of country and with its splendid organization, Canada would soon play a brilliant part in the world's history.

Stephen Leacock on Politics.

IN an article on "Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Victory," in The National Review for January, Stephen Leacock indulges in some characteristically plain speech. He says that if Sir Wilfrid is a Liberal "of the school of Gladstone, he has been a shameful truant for the past twelve years." He thinks the Liberals in Canada have enjoyed an advantage unique in our history, not likely readily to recur. "They have had a leader French enough to hold the solid vote of one race, British enough in speech and semblance to divide the votes of the other. With Sir Wilfrid gone, this advantage will be lost for ever." Speaking of the recent campaign, Mr. Leacock strikes his gait:

"The amazing part of the thing to the outsider is that the campaign accusations of peculation, corruption and graft counted for so little. No doubt enough of the accusations were true to have forever damned either the Government or the Opposition in the eyes of an ideal public. But the Canadian public is not ideal. That is the trouble of it. The average Canadian citizen has an idea that the politicians, conspicuous exceptions apart, are a sorry lot of scoundrels. He deplores their wickedness, but wishes that he had their chance. That is the plain truth of it. Hence, the evil of corrupt politics—of the existence of which in Canada there is no shadow of a doubt—lies as much with the voters as with the politicians. We are not, taken in the lump, a very upright people. It would not do to say that we are a corrupt people. That is too blunt. But we have not yet, take us man for man, attained to any high degree of political integrity. Indeed, we have not yet had a chance. In our country nearly everybody is still looking for money. Not one man in ten thousand enjoys that settled and stable form of family position, pecuniary or otherwise, which can enable him to view money with indifference. We are a young people. We have in our history no background of robber barons, no magnificent land thieves in coats of mail, no quill-driving attorneys to bind our fortunes fast with laws of primogeniture and entail, no hereditary titles to enable us to know good families from bad. We are still as a nation in the groping stage, groping for money; when we have got it, plenty of it, and enough of it, we may hope to turn honest men. Meantime, and for the present, there is a sad lack among us of that rugged public morality found only among people too poor to hope to become rich or too rich to fear to become poor."

MR. H. SNOWDEN WARD, F.R.P.S.,

Of London, Eng., who gives his popular pictorial lecture, "The Marvels of Photography," at Association Hall, on Tuesday, 19th instant, as the fourth attraction of the Dickens Fellowship Lyceum Course.

Holland, Germany and America.

THE San Francisco Argonaut says: The fact that Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is about to become a mother is matter of very considerable indirect importance to the United States. If the Queen should fail to leave a direct successor, the throne would go to the Prince of Saxe-Weir, a German prince, and there is a strong possibility that the little country might be absorbed by the German Empire, which, as every one knows, is very anxious for its sea coast. If that should happen, of course the Dutch colonies would go with the mother country, and the second city of the West Indies, Willemstad, on the Island of Curacao, would become a German port with its defenses and splendid harbor only a short distance from the Panama Canal.

The United States could not raise any objection to the transfer. The Monroe Doctrine would not be of any avail, because no foreign country would have acquired American territory; and even the doctrine enunciated by Hamilton Fish under the Grant administration, when Germany desired to acquire Porto Rico of Spain, would not apply, since it would not be a transfer of territory from one European power to another, but would be an absorption of territory, and if the colony did not go to Germany it would have no other flag under which it could exist.

It is not difficult to see the importance and danger a strong naval power like Germany having such a naval basis in the Caribbean Sea so near the canal would be. Undoubtedly, especially with an Emperor like the present ruler of Germany, it would lead to serious complications with this country, and would force the United States to greatly strengthen its navy and to enlarge its naval basis in Cuba. The United States, therefore, is deeply interested in the birth of an heir to the throne of Holland, which will be a pledge of its independence and remove all doubt of its absorption by its great neighbor.

New York Life remarks: A magnate is a man who is expert at getting hold of things and never letting go. It is he that discovered the perpetual franchise. When conditions are prosperous and industries are running full tilt, he takes all the credit and all the prosperity, but not all the industry. When affairs might be better he gives us to understand that, were it not for him, they might be worse. When affairs are in bad shape he tells us whose fault it is, making it very clear that it is not his own. When they get better again he emerges from the scrimmage on top of the pile, and explains that the resuscitation is due entirely to his infinite ability and resourcefulness.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, it is said, has practically determined to put up sufficient funds to permit the purchase of a newspaper in order that her sons, Potter and Honore, may enter the business field. Potter Palmer recently married Pauline Kohlsaat, daughter of the former newspaper owner, and it is said it is through the efforts of Mr. Kohlsaat that the society leader has been interested in the proposition.

Mrs. Richard A. Alley has the distinction of being the only woman in the world who is the active manager of a line of steamships. Since the death of her husband, nearly a year ago, she has personally managed the Alley Line, comprising the 4,000-ton vessels Indraville and Den of Ruthven, which make sailings every two months between Victoria and New Zealand.

Lord Strathcona has only one child, a daughter, who is married to Dr. Bliss Howard, a Montreal doctor, now settled in London. The title will descend to her and to her heirs male.

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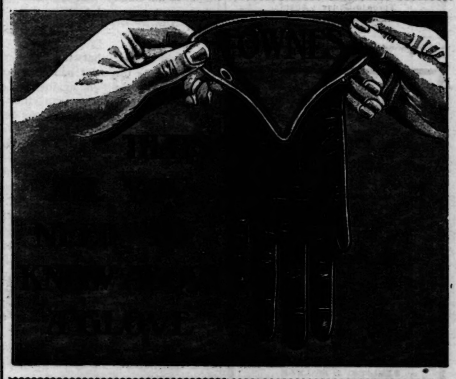

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She Knows Enough.

SHE does not know who Cæsar was,
Nor when Columbus sailed the seas;
She may, for all she says or does,
Think Botticelli is a cheese!
Now, gentle reader, don't commence
To say you think it is a pity
To live in ignorance so dense—
You see, she's pretty.

She will not wrinkle up her brow
To call to mind a verse of Keats';
Ask her if Shakespeare's writing now,
She'll say she likes the parquet seats;
Of current topics she may speak
And show misinformation simple—
But in the rose-pink of her cheek
There is a dimple.

She'll tell you socialism's cute
Because a friend who's rather plain
Is lecturing from here to Butte
And has so many in her train;
She cannot tell you what is meant
By the philosophy of Ibsen,
But her's is beauty that is blent—
A Fisher-Gibson.

Of differential calculus
She may discourse in language clear
Until at last it comes to us
She means some automobile gear;
The fact that Raphael is dead
Leads not to talk on pictures olden—
Her lips are cherry-ripely-red,
Her hair is golden.

So, what is history to her?
What are reformers and their ilk?
She has the latest word on fur
And wears the newest shades in silk.
Sigh not that she must live alone,
For her unlearnedness quench your pity;
She knows all that needs to be known—
You see, she's pretty!

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Life.

"My dear friend, I beg you to lend me fifty dollars," wrote a needy man to an acquaintance, "and then forget me forever. I am not worthy to be remembered."—Philippines Gossip.

"Is the new filing system a success?" "Great!" "And how's business?" "Oh, we've stopped business to attend to the filing system."—Boston Traveler.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1909.

TROUBLES in the realm of grand opera, the Hains trial, Governor Hughes's annual message to the legislature, the Congressional revolt against Roosevelt, and gas rebates are among the multifarious topics that have engaged public attention during the week, while an international marriage is responsible for the unusual flutter in social circles. Gas rebates, primaries and other little troubles of our common humanity do not, of course, enter their exclusive realms, and they have been able to give undivided attention to the entertainment of the titled English suitor and his charming bride-to-be. On such and such a night, we read, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet gave a dinner and dance for Miss Beatrice Mills and her *fiance*, the Earl of Granard. On another night, probably Sunday, Mrs. Clarence Mackaye gave a dinner, followed by music—Debussey's "La Mer," played by the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. Thus are the steps of their sweet paradise being laid with rich carpets, and they make their climb to the odor of Narcissus and to the sweet sensuous strains of Debussey.

* * *

BUT, to return to the troubles and interests of our common heritage. Of these the gas law decision no doubt affects us most intimately. The controversy over this 80 cent gas law goes back several years, although the now famous bill fixing the price at 80 cents per thousand feet only passed the legislature in January, 1906. This bill was the direct outcome of the investigation by the Stevens Committee, with Charles E. Hughes, now Governor, acting as the official prober into gas secrets. On May 1 of that year the Consolidated Gas Co. obtained an injunction restraining the enforcement of that Act. Then the real trouble began, with prospects of endless litigation before the gas companies, to collect their bills at the old dollar rate. Finally an arrangement was made whereby the gas people agreed to deposit the disputed twenty cents with the Circuit Court, to be distributed to the consumers in the event that the validity of the Act was finally upheld. This sum now amounts to about $9,000,000, and every consumer, still living, has an interest in that pile. The companies will, as a matter of course, fight the release of this money, and the important string attached to the decision of the United States Supreme Court leaves the chances for getting it about even. At any rate, it would not be advisable to spend it just yet. The decree is simply that the city is entitled to a trial of eighty cent gas, before the companies can seek the aid of the courts. Should this price prove ruinous, as they contend, but have not yet shown to the satisfaction of the Court, the gas interests will be entitled to another trial of the suit.

* * *

CONGRESS'S wrath toward the President has not been permitted to transgress the bounds of Congressional dignity and propriety. This is fortunate. Considering the violence that has been done their feelings, not to speak of their good name, they have shown admirable self-restraint in the matter. Had they followed their natural impulses, the nation might have been hugely entertained, but the entertainment would have been at the sacrifice of a good deal of the dignity which, traditionally at least, attaches to this highly important legislative body. On the other hand, the most idolatrous of the President's worshippers will find it hard to deny that he has come through the "scrap" with vastly impaired prestige. Instead of exposing Congress, the President has exposed himself as a bluffer and a trifler of colossal magnitude. The first mesage, as the second proves, was the merest bluff. But the second message—ah, that was the rub! "Knaves before, fools now!" exclaimed Congress, unofficially. "The first message attacked our honor—honor, sir! The second insults our intelligence—intelligence, sir!" It was not a question of intent, Mr. President, but a question of fact and a President's time was never used to poorer advantage than when he tried to prove the contrary.

It is said that Mr. Roosevelt received the impeachment with perfect equanimity. It is even said that he laughed. Let us hope, however, that he does not take quite so humorous a view of the situation. The incidents, I assume, are more or less familiar to your readers. In his annual message to Congress, the President imputed improper motives to that body for cutting down the secret service appropriation last session.

Congress's answer strongly refuted that imputation, and the resolution was adopted by a vote of 212 to 35 in a strongly Republican Congress.

* * *

BEFORE this goes to press a verdict will in all probability be rendered in the Hains trial. Should the result be an acquittal, it will confirm a belief now pretty well established that, under modern conditions, there is practically no limit to the defence which resourceful counsel may set up in any murder trial in this country. The line of defence for the actual slayer has been indicated in the present trial, and we have been lately hearing a good deal about "impulsive insanity." Insanity was established, or sought to be, for the purpose of proving the defendant's theory that he was placed in charge of a madman and was guarding him as best he could on the fatal day. The other theory is that he was the real instigator of the deed; that he was not only an accessory but that he inflamed the weaker brother to avenge the wrongk done him.

The curious thing about these heroic defenders of "family honor" and the other domestic idols is that their defiance visibly weakens at the jail door or at sight of the scaffold. The valiant slayer of Stanford White, for instance, who saw himself, in the ideal, as a St. George slaying the dragon, was glad at last to get behind a "brain storm" theory to account for the deed. Now, to save his neck, the writer of sea romances and tales of daring tells a romantic story in the witness chair, in which no least element of plausibility is lacking and which can only be shattered by a flat contradiction of his facts. The obvious truth is that the basic principle of such deeds is self pride, hate, and jealousy, and of these we are more or less ashamed when the blood is cool and the mask off. Great principles and great ideals we have the courage to defend to the last. But great ideals and great principles—to continue the sententious strain for a moment—have no alliance with hate and revenge. And one great self-confessed weakness of the domestic ideal, which men and society have set up here, is that it makes allies of these primitive passions, if indeed it has not its root in them. But having set up this barbaric ideal, is it quite consistent to chastise those who follow it to its logical conclusion? It is our thinking, our premises that are all so wrong, and to hang the stupid murderer, the poor sentimentalist blinded by the hate we inspire to the consequences of his act, is a silly evasion of the real issue. We share the philosophy of these comic tragedians, we affirm their understanding of the relations of man and wife—which is a sort of *quid pro quo* arrangement—only as nice, respectable people with nerves, the pistol shocks us. The hideousness of the hate and self pride behind it has no real terror for our smug souls.

* * *

GOVERNOR HUGHES'S annual message to the legislature shows how much careful thinking is done for the state by its chief executive. The controversial points in the message are the recommendations for direct primary nominations, and a simplified ballot. The ballot, in the Governor's mind, is no doubt the Massachussetts ballot as it is known here. This is practically the one to which you are accustomed, with the names of candidates grouped under the respective offices for which they are running. In the ballot in use here the candidates of the different parties appear in separate columns under the party emblem. In voting the straight ticket this form is of course a great convenience. The voting can be done in a minimum of time, and what is more important, with the minimum of intelligence. The change would insure that a candidate's name appear but once on the ballot. The chief objection to both recommendations comes of course from the party managers, whose control of the electoral machinery has been the main objective of Governor Hughes' efforts since he first took office. Previous legislatures have failed to pass both recommendations, and if the Governor insists th's on favorable legislation the outcome will be a legislative struggle equal in bitterness to that which marked the passage of the anti-race track gambling bills.

Even so good a friend of Governor Hughes, moreover, as The Times, thinks that he predicts too confidently the benefits and blessings to flow from direct nominations. Experience furthermore is not fruitful of examples of successful effort to level barriers which industrious politicians have always been able to erect against the people's will.

* * *

THE hockey match between Varsity and a picked New York team, which resulted in a draw, was a rather tame affair in the first half, and we began to realize the change that had come over the once famous College seven. In the second half, however, both teams got down to work and Varsity gave a real exhibition of the national game. The New York seven was stronger individually than Varsity, but the superior team work of the college boys kept the scoring down.

* * *

ALFRED SHRUBB, the famous English runner, gave a brilliant exhibition of his prowess at Madison Square Garden on Saturday night, winning the twelve mile relay race with perfect ease. He is a beautiful, graceful runner, and for this distance has a speed that is phenomenal. Simpson made the best showing against him, but did not overtake a foot of the long gap his predecessor had left in the race. Longboat has a great runner to beat on the 26th and whoever wins, the race should prove the best of the many Marathons that have been run.

J. E. W.

The Riders of the Plain.

By AMY H. KEANE.

These verses by Mrs. Keane are reprinted by permission. Like others written on the work and character of the North West Mounted Police, by those who know them, the verses, aside from literary considerations, have uncommon value as voicing the unqualified admiration of west and east for this magnificent force, which within five years will lose entity as a Dominion organization, their police patrol and magisterial duties passing under jurisdiction of the authorities of the new provinces.

RIDING out his lone patrol, there came a "Rider of the Plain,"
Softly humming through the distance an old love song's light refrain;
For bright skies and sunny weather brought sweet thoughts of love and home,
Though the dear old land he sang of lay across the ocean's foam.

CHORUS:

No carpet knight was he, this rider bold and free,
Though gracefuller form had ne'er by beauty been caressed;
Through fire and fiercest storm, through danger's every form,
He'd done his King's behest, he'd done his soldier's best,
Guarding well the Empire's honor in the great Canadian West.

But what sight or sound of danger breaks the current of his dream?
What alarms his dumb companion, friend by field and wood and stream?
Only gleam of tattered uniform, a comrade's friendly red.
Till a nearer view reveals that friend one of the ghastly dead.

There's no need to ask the story of that comrade's bitter fate.
'Twas no foe in equal warfare, nor cunning Indian's hate.
Dying there alone, he traced it on the papers at his breast:
"I have lost my way, my horse is dead. Good-bye! I've done my best."

And no comrade's voice had cheered him, ent'ring there that last long trail,
Where the storm-king's icy fingers seized the nobly guarded mail;
Nor for him the fond endearments of a sweetheart's last caress,
Nor the solace of a sister's prayer, a mother's holy kiss.

Yet no woman could be gentler in assuaging others' grief.
Weak and des'late sought this prairie knight to bring them sure relief;
But no plaint to death, oft cheated, would this rider-hero bring;
From life's angel he had chosen the red wine of suffering.

A thousand years of glory and renown by land and sea
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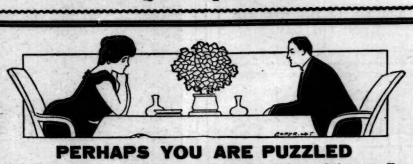

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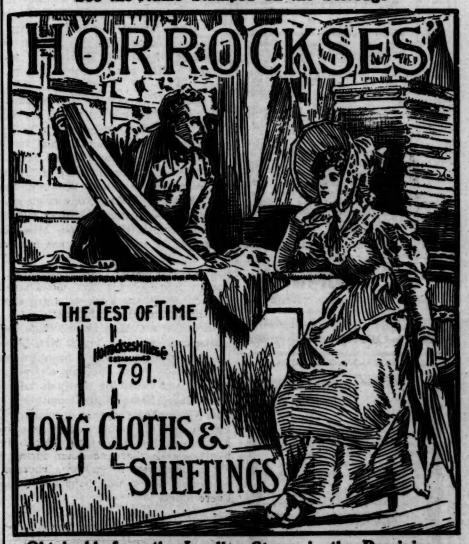

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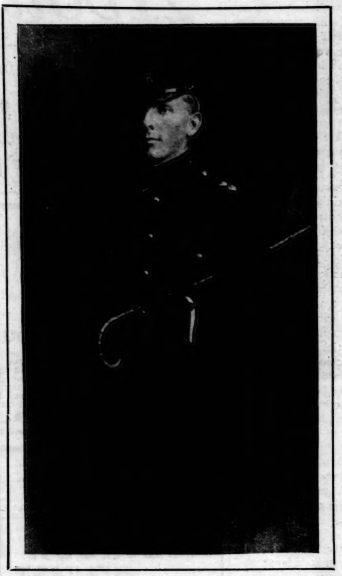

MR. R. W. STEPHENSON.
Staff-Lieutenant Militia Headquarters Graduate R.M.C. of Canada, 1903.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. HENRI SUYDAM, 34 Chestnut Park road, gave a very delightful bridge and tea to a large party of ladies on Wednesday. There is not in Toronto a more cosy and beautiful home than that which was thrown open for reception of this congenial company at mid-week, nor a more radiant and successful hostess. Mrs. Suydam wore a heliotrope house-gown, very smartly trimmed and some fine jewels. Her sister, Mrs. Barnard, assisted during the afternoon, and at the tea hour. Mrs. Chris Baines and Mrs. G. Harman, assisted by Miss Zaidee Drayton, presided over the tea and coffee urns at a table done with dainty flowers in a basket set in soft billows and bows of mauve tulle. The prizes were won by Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Ingles, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. J. M. Davison, Mrs. Corey, Mrs. McWhinney, Miss Rutherford and Mrs. Haas, who much appreciated the beautiful silver and china rewards of their superior play, and some of the guests were: Mrs. Jack McKellar, Miss McKellar, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Corey, Miss Joan Arnoldi, Mrs Cowdry, Mrs. Staunton King, Mrs. Drynan, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs J. J. Dixon, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. W. McLean, Mrs. George Hees, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Oliver Adams.

Mrs. Walter Berkinshaw (nee Kent) will hold her post-nuptial receptions next Thursday and Friday afternoons, January 21 and 22, at 5 Oaklands avenue.

The 'Varsity Saturday lectures in the Physics Building begin this afternoon at three o'clock, when Professor John Cox, of McGill University, Montreal, will lecture on Leonardo da Vinci. On next Saturday (23), Professor Brett, of Trinity, will speak of "Myths and Magic." The other lectures will be mentioned in turn.

Trinity Conversat, which is dated for January 28, at 8 o'clock, is already attracting the thoughts of those who find in this, the only dance in college precincts in Toronto, an always desirable and interesting event. The Provost, Miss Cartwright and Miss Playter will receive the guests, and the following ladies have lent their names as patronesses: Lady Whitney, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Nicholls, of The Homewood, Mrs. William Wood, Miss Cartwright and Miss Playter. A fine orchestra has been engaged.

On Wednesday, Mrs. George A. Hees gave a very pretty luncheon for Mrs. Good and her daughter, Mrs. Leonard, of New York, at which about a dozen were invited. Among the ladies asked were Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Alton Garratt, Miss Higinbotham, Mrs. Joseph B. Reed, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Denison, and the guests of honor. The table, a beautiful mahogany, was done with yellow tulips, the only sort possessing delicate fragrance and breathing whispers of spring on the bleak raw day. Some of the exquisite Venetian glass which Mr. Haas had engraved specially with his wife's monogram and presented to her, was used to enhance the charm of the little feast. Mrs. Harris Hees, who is entertaining her mother and sister during their stay in town, was able to go for a short drive on Wednesday morning, and is now happily convalescing after her severe illness.

Mrs. John C. Eaton gave a large tea on Tuesday at her home, 121 Walmer road, where very elaborate preparations had resulted in the transformation of a pretty residence into a suitable reception hall for so many of the gay world, and giving them plenty of room to enjoy the bright hour. Mrs. Eaton received in the drawing-room, and the guests passed on through the dining-room, where an orchestra was playing, and by a French window and trellissed passageway into a huge marquee, ceiled with fluted primrose silk and walled with dark red matting, to give a very pretty Japanese effect. The poles supporting the tent were also sheathed in the matting, and the temporary floor covered with soft rugs. The buffet was also done in Japanese effect, lanterns filled with violets and lily of the valley swinging from slender canes, and a centre basket of orchids shaded with a pink parasol. It was very pretty to step from the rigor of winter into this lovely tea garden, where only the musmees were lacking to complete the picture of old Japan. Instead, there was a bevy of young girls in white frocks who did their best to coax the ladies to forget times and seasons, dinner and so on, and partake of the very nice refreshments, lily ices, snow men and other delectables, in many of which a dainty little souvenir fan stood up perkily. Among the hundreds of guests were Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Dillon Mills, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. and Miss Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Trees, Mrs. Tudhope, Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. and Miss Flavelle, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. and Miss Gunther, Mrs. Scott Raff, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. R. Northcote, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. and Miss Parry, Mrs. and Miss Hogaboom, Mrs. and Miss Rogers, Mrs. Jack Walker, Mrs. A. H. Walker, Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. C. and Mrs. H. Gurney, Mrs. and Miss Fudger, Mrs. and Miss McLaughlin, Miss Lennox.

Mrs. John Cruso has been visiting friends in Cobourg, and returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. G. Ian MacAlister, who spent some time in Canada as secretary to Lord Dundonald, and Miss Frances Dorothy Seaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, 11 Addison road, Kensington, was celebrated on Thursday, January 7, at 2.15 in the Church of our Lady of Victories, Kensington, London.

The engagement of Miss Florence Crawford, elder daughter of Mr. George Crawford, Bank of Montreal, and Mr. George H. Macdonald, of Ingersoll, is announced. Miss Crawford is one of the very popular girls who have been always the centre of radiant fun and enjoyment, and her contemporaries, who came out with her two seasons ago, are greatly interested in the news of her happy engagement.

Mrs. Frederick Waldie (*nee* Heron) held her post-nuptial receptions yesterday and Thursday afternoons at her home, 169 Lowther avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, are spending a few days in New York.

Mrs. Good and her daughter, of New York, are visiting Mrs. Harris Hees (*nee* Good).

Mrs. Tyler, of Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilmour, 171 St. George street, are enjoying a visit from Mrs. W. Gilmour, of Hamilton, who has brought their little grandson to see his grandparents and risk being spoiled.

Mrs. Rybert K. Barker received for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday afternoon at 5 Rowanwood avenue, the home of Mrs. Barker, with whom the bride and groom are spending the winter. Mrs. Barker presented her new daughter-in-law to her friends, and Mrs Simpson, Miss Simpson, Miss Norah Gordon, and Miss Pence of Kingston had charge of the tea-room, which was done in red carnations and Christmas green. Mrs. R. K. Barker is a most attractive and sweet looking bride, and the Major is receiving many congratulations from friends who have met her.

Mrs. and Miss Edith Harman welcomed a merry party of girls for tea on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann entertained at dinner one evening this week.

Miss Margaret Keyes, the splendid soprano, who is to sing at the National Chorus concerts on Monday and Tuesday, is expected in town to-day, and I hear she is to be the guest of Miss Brouse until mid-week. I think Miss Brouse and Miss Keyes met in New York, when they were both students of vocal music.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter are at the Arlington this winter, having rented their house in Walmer road to Mr. A. A. Macdonald. There wss a very jolly not-out party there for the young Macdonalds the other evening, which the guests enjoyed to the utmost.

The serious illness of Mrs. Jack Moss has given great anxiety to her many friends.

Dr. G. W. Ross was taken ill with appendicitis and operated on in the General Hospital a few days ago.

Mr. Robert O. McCulloch, of Galt, has been appointed a director of the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Miss Louie Meyers, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Peuchen.

Miss Ruby Ramsay, of Montreal, arrived at mid-week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Gordon Osler.

The Misses Philpott are giving a tea on Tuesday next at 15 Howland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Haas are going to New York on Monday, and Mr. Haas sails for Europe next week, and Mrs. Haas will make a visit of two weeks to her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees, in New York.

Mrs. Stanger, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Hood. Her Toronto friends are always glad to welcome this charming little lady.

There will be quite an exodus to Ottawa next week for the opening of Parliament and the drawing-room. Several pretty Toronto debutantes are to make their bow to the representatives of Royalty in the Senate Chamber, and all sorts of nice entertainments are *en train* in honor of the fair visitors to the Capital.

Mrs. Fraser Macdonald gave a ladies' dinner and bridge on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. McLean, St. George street, entertained at dinner one evening this week.

Engagements for every evening as well as any number of teas and luncheons and the inevitable bridge, is the rule for the gay mondame. Everyone is entertaining and being entertained. A visitor in town was much puzzled by the ladies' dinners, and evening bridge parties, and at last inquired: "Please do tell me where are the husbands? I never see a man about. Where do you hide them?"

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OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

RECALLING the good times of the past is one of life's pleasantest inactivities. And this editorial paragraph in The Calgary Daily Herald helps one to smilingly indulge in reminiscent reflection: "By the time they arrived at their offices this morning you could tell those who attended the board of trade banquet last night—and this morning."

Does not this naive reference to the simple life, as they have it in Calgary, take the average Toronto man back in thought to other and happier days? For it may yet be assumed that the average Toronto man spent the gay and thoughtless days of his childhood where the grass grew green in summer, where there were real trees, and where one excitement a night was as much or more than the community could stand for. Sometimes the stir was caused by an election, sometimes by a fall fair, sometimes by a tea-meeting. Whatever it was it had the field to itself. Discussions of it ran lightly from garden gate to garden gate. Before and after the event, while it *was* the event, the whole place hummed with it. The Toronto man who is country-bred can remember well his early debauches, for they stand out like red fires in the grey past. Everybody knew all about them, because everybody in those days knew all about him, and "made allowance" for him according to his character. For in the little argus-eyed home community reputation and character were one and the same thing. Did he go to a ball in the village and "trip the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours," as the local paper, loving erudite allusion, used to phrase it, and did he turn up at his place of work next morning late and dull of eye, wearing last night's flower in his buttonhole, why everything was understood. The "old man" knew what he had been up to; his family knew; the entire municipality knew, and no harm was done. Ah, life was worth living in those days! And life must be worth living in Calgary, too, at this very moment. For are we not assured that the business men of that city went out the other night and had a late session at a banquet, and went to their offices in the morning late but unashamed—because everybody in the place knew where they had been and "made allowance"?

Calgary has a One Hundred Thousand Club. It wants that many people, and wants them in a hurry. But this tip to all the good fellows of Calgary is worth taking: Go slow. You don't know what you're doing. Toronto is at this minute rather proud of the recently discovered fact that it has a population of nearly 340,000. But the law of compensation works all the time and in every direction. The average citizen of Toronto has brought home to him almost daily the fact that as the city grows great his personal stature grows less; his "inalienable rights"—liberty and the pursuit of happiness—vanish and perish. If he is late at the office in the morning, is his explanation that he was at a banquet the night before sufficient excuse? I trow not. His boss or his clients, as the case may be, his office associates, too, know that a variety of happenings are brought off in Toronto every night after sundown. Does his wife, when he arrives home at an uncertain hour, cheerfully accept any excuse to the effect that he was at this big talk or that big feed, that "everybody was there"? Well hardly. She knows that everybody wasn't there, because she is aware that the region known as "down town" is no longer in this city what it once was, but that it is a place of dark, metropolitan mystery. The day when a virtuous man was known by his walk, or when "by the time he arrived at his office you could tell" where he was last night is, alas, gone by forever in Greater Toronto.

* * *

HERE is some straight talk on socialism by Professor Laughlin, of Chicago:

"In reality socialism is the plea of the unmanly, of those who have not the manliness to accept the superiority of men who have proved themselves better in the game. At bottom it is the negation of the inequality of men in ability, force, judgment, foresight, knowledge of human nature, and executive power. To deny the industrial inequality of men would be like denying inequality in the size of trees. And yet this patent fact of the economic world is the block over which socialists—as well as many labor unionists—always stumble. It is this central fact of human life—which everyone can daily verify—that really shows us the main fallacy of socialism."

It does not pay to be a kicker. It pays to acknowledge the qualities in others that make for success—to admire them, and to cultivate them ourselves.

Ten thousand or twenty thousand men will assemble to witness a race or a prize fight, and there will not be a man in the crowd who will not express or feel disgust if one of the competitors shows himself to be a quitter. If he is weaker or in poorer condition or less carefully trained—that makes no difference if the man exhibits a yellow streak. But how many of those ten or twenty thousand men will go into the world next day—each to his own fight for a living—and show no sign of the quality they despised in the beaten man they hooted the night before? Every man who feels himself growing sympathetic with the claims of socialism—unintelligent socialism, of course, is meant—every such man ought to examine himself closely for indications of yellow. He ought to guard against becoming a kicker, a quitter, and nothing else.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the young fellow in a big office who was laughed at by his associates for working harder than seemed necessary. They asked him one day what good it did him and what he expected to get. "The big desk in the corner," said the hustler. And there was much laughter, because the big desk in the corner was the manager's. But the day came when the young man who liked work sat there and gave orders. Some men, it is true, have no big desk, no pleasanter or better position, in sight. But those who have not are fewer in number than any near-sighted socialist thinks. The great thing to do is not to "knock" the man ahead of you and make yourself sore by coveting his job, but to look for his strong points, the points at which he outweighs you and develop them yourself. And no one can develop in himself any quality that he cannot learn first to admire in some one else.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of socialism, it is interesting to note the following quotation, which Life in its latest issue uses as a caption for a cartoon:

"In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but *man* will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven."—*Victor Hugo.*

Who can say, judging from present indications, that this prophesy will not come true?

* * *

THIS remark from that good-natured satirist, Life, is worth considering: "Well dressed is when you look nice; less well dressed is when you look stunning; least well dressed is when your clothes look better than you do."

Even in Toronto, a city famous for its pretty and sensible women, we see office and shop girls walking the streets in imitation carriage-clothes. We see too many women whose hair is too shiny and built into shape too exactly. We see too many women whose dress, as your old English authority would say, does not conform with their establishments. The girl who goes abroad plain and clean-cut looks as though she came from a good home where she has more clothes to be worn as occasion demands. The girl who wears flashy street clothes is apt to create the impression that she is carrying all her available assets on her back, and that she is not unaccustomed to washing with the aid of a tin basin in the kitchen and a roller towel on the back door.

* * *

IT must have been cold up in Winnipeg last week. In the east we read that the mercury was knocking the bottom out of western thermometers, but we did not attach much significance to that. The tone of an article in the Winnipeg Saturday Post, however, leads us to believe that the recent cold wave struck the West as well as the east as an actuality—that the Westerners really felt it. The Post prints an ironical cartoon in which the West is shown as a man lying in a hammock overcome by heat, with cold beverages at his elbow and Foster, the weather prophet, standing by with a fan. Under the cartoon is given Foster's prediction that "a warm wave would follow the entrance of the New Year, the temperature rising forty degrees from January 2 to 8."

Foster is a Yankee weather prophet whose forecasts are taken very seriously in the west, the newspapers there printing them from day to day. The Post thinks his prediction of what was to follow the opening of 1909 is about the limit, and no wonder. But The Post's indignation is soothing to Easterners. We have been feeling the cold down here during the past few days, and it will contribute to our equanimity to know that the West is feeling it too.

HAL.

First Meeting of the Housefurnishing Club

IT was after dinner, but the parlor lights had not been turned on. The fire formed an excuse for conversation, preliminary to settling down for a quiet evening with the January magazines.

"Jack," she said, somewhat falteringly—"don't you think we could furnish the house *properly*, this winter?"

Jack sprang at once to arms, and took up a firm position behind his breastwork of masculine irresponsiveness.

"What do you mean by 'properly'?" demanded he, coldly.

"Well," she began, "you know we've never got a side-board for the dining-room yet, although we intended to just as soon as we got good and settled; and there's the spare rooms—I'm ashamed every time I look into them, they're so bare and empty. Why, even this room—it's only half furnished!"

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Jack in an aggrieved voice.

"That's just it—we're getting used to it," his young wife burst in, "you don't notice that anything is the matter, but look at the windows, look at the doorways; the room's half empty. It was all right at first, while we *knew* what we were going to have and were aiming at—but here we are three years married, and no nearer to realizing our plans—forgetting, indeed, that we ever had any other plans."

"Money's been kind of tight," remonstrated the mere man.

"I know, dear. I'm not blaming you: But don't you think we might do something this Winter?"

* * *

THIS was the preliminary organization work of one Housefurnishing Club. How many others are there in this city?

The Simpson Housefurnishing Club is just a combination of 500 of such little clubs, each acting privately and entirely independent of the others, but each choosing whatever housefurnishings it needs from this store.

We offer the entire stocks of the Carpet and Curtain Department and the Furniture Department on this Club plan. You may choose what you want, have it delivered now, and pay for it at convenience during the next six months or such time as mutually agreeable. We make no extra charge. Club customers are on exactly the same footing in this respect as cash customers. Our January offer of "Work Free" applies to everybody.

Most people know about the Club plan. It's a dignified charge account, open to a limited number for a limited time. The only question is—Do you own your home?

The Club Office is at your service. Ground Floor, James Street. The Robert Simpson Company, Limited. Toronto.

Ballads of the Dreamland Rose.

WHERE the waves of burning cloud are rolled
On the farther shore of the sunset sea.
In a land of wonder that none behold,
There blooms a rose on the Dreamland Tree,
It grows in the Garden of Mystery
Where the River of Slumber softly flows,
And whenever a dream has come to be,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

In the heart of the tree, on a branch of gold,
A silvery bird sings endlessly
A mystic song that is ages old—
A mournful song in a minor key,
Full of the glamor of faery.
And whenever a dreamer's ears unclose
To the sound of that distant melody,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Dreams and visions in hosts untold
Throng around on the moonlit lea;
Dreams of age that are calm and cold,
Dreams of youth that are fair and free—
Dark with a love heart's agony,
Bright with a hope that no one knows—
And whenever a dream and a dream agree,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

L'envoi.

Princess—you gaze in a reverie
Where the drowsy firelight readily glows.
Slowly you raise your eyes to me.
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

—Brian Hooker in Harper's Magazine.

Two Typical Knockers.

I STOOD at the foot of First street, Edmonton, Alberta. At my back was a growing, throbbing city that had been my admiration for a day. Before me stretched one of the most beautiful of landscapes. Far below was the mighty Saskatchewan, and far beyond were miles upon miles of picturesque poplar and interspersed willow and hundreds upon hundreds of acres of waving wheat and grain.

What a picture! And I had forgotten the camera.

"It's not *too* bad," said a man at my elbow. "But, then it'll never ripen." A month later, some fields averaged forty bushels to the acre!

"Been here long?" said I to a rather communicative gentleman, whom I met on Jasper avenue a little later in the same day. "Oh, a little while. Five years."

"Seen quite a lot of progress," I commented, conning over in my mind that in the period named Edmonton had grown from a town of five thousand to a city of eighteen thousand. "Yes, considerable," he drawled. "I wish some one had pulled me into a real estate office, when I first came here and made me buy a few lots. But, then it's only a bubble—a frozen country—it'll be deserted in five years." There was the knocker again.

I drove through the country. How I enjoyed it! I had never seen such grain before; I'm not sure that I ever will again. Field after field that would yield thirty to forty bushels.

I stopped a man on horseback to enquire after a certain house. "Splendid crops," I observed, after he had given me the direction. "Oh, fair," he replied. "But, wait till you see a few dry years and the people will leave this country like buffalo before a prairie fire."

"Would I never get clear of this ilk, the pessimist knocker?"

The iron horse was whisking me through one of the most beautiful valleys in British Columbia. On a mountain just above was a mine producing over a thousand tons of copper ore per day; and experts have estimated that it contains ore enough to warrant production at this rate for the next one hundred years. It is even now paying a very good profit.

"Quite a mine," I said to a fellow passenger. "Oh, yes, but it will soon peter out."

Good fortune, I thought; how long did he expect to live? The inevitable knocker.

Fruit and more fruit! Twenty-four boxes on a seven-year-old tree. The big red apple, juicy and luscious. Trees bearing a fair crop three years after planting. Just like the old farm at home, only more fruit and quicker results. I was delighted.

I passed a bunch of loafers on the street corner. Listen to the croaking comment!

"And they talk about growing fruit in this country. Pugh! These ten-acre fruit ranches will only be a cattle pasture one of these days." My knocker friend again, of course.

But, there is another kind of knocker. He is as different from the knocker I have described as an asp is from an elephant or a bumble bee from a giraffe. He is the knocker who wants to come into and help to develop this magnificent heritage which the other knocker despises.

I like to call him the new knocker. Listen!

He is knocking at the door of Canada to-day. The wheat grower knocks: he would make fruitful our western plains. The lumberman knocks: he would manufacture our forests into building material. The fruit grower knocks: he would make our fertile valleys to blossom as the rose. The manufacturer knocks: he wants to have a share in the production of our factories and supplying at first hand the wants of the people. All are hopeful, optimistic, conquering men who do things. They are men of will and men of force and are coming from here and there and everywhere by the thousands. Open the door! The new knocker means Canada's growth and crowning glory even within the lives of the present generation.

Thus the optimistic annihilated the pessimistic, and so I have recovered some of the discomfiture engendered by my first experience of the chronic grumbler and grunter.

One knocker offsets the other, effaces him, and transcends him; and soon I trust that Canada will be so busy with the prosperity and industry inaugurated and promoted by the new knocker that there will be neither time to attend to nor place for the pessimistic specimen either in the office or warehouse, on the street or on the farm.—Edgar W. Dynes, in Westward Ho! Magazine.

It's hard to mend a bad break in your conversation.—Exchange.

NO matter how fine the piano, a poor performer can produce nothing but poor music. It is the skilled pianist, perfect in every phase of his art, who calls forth the full beauty of a fine piano.

CONSIDER, then, the very great importance of securing the *best* interior player. For upon this depends, absolutely, the quality of the music you can produce from your player-piano.

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Think what it would mean to have some incompetent performer monopolize your piano stool. The result would be the same if and purchase an inferior player-piano. On the other hand consider what exquisite pleasure it would be to have a greater virtuoso ever at command. The possession of a Gourlay-Angelus means just this.

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To His Majesty The King.
By Royal Appointment

The GOLD MEDAL for quality in the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Quality the Secret of Success

MACKIE & CO. DISTILLERS LTD.

LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY, ISLAY.
MALT-MILL " " GLENLIVET.
CRAIGELLACHIE " "
Estab. 1742

NOTE—Any persons proved guilty of re-filling our empty bottles with inferior Whisky will be refused supplies.

The English Society for Psychical Research has discovered that the soul weighs two ounces. We know men whose souls could turn a double somersault on the point of a pin and never be in danger of falling off.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

THE newspapers very generally look at the proposal to hold winter sports in Montreal pretty much as SATURDAY NIGHT does, although some of them approve of the suggestion that owing to the scarcity of ice and the hostility of the railways, the suggested ice palace should be dispensed with for the present. While the ice palace would crown the carnival, yet it is not necessary to the winter sports. Scarcely a newspaper has adhered to the views of twenty years ago, put forward by the railways and the Immigration officials at Ottawa. The country is not so young as it used to be; the reputation of the country is not so easily damaged as it was; the great interest Europe now takes in Canada has been the growth of the past ten years. It is true that photographs of the Montreal ice palaces were sent all over the world and were reproduced in illustrated papers everywhere. At that time they were about the only pictures of Canadian scenes that found their way abroad to command foreign attention. It is different now. Pictures of our scenery and our wheat fields go everywhere. The ice palace is a novelty and its use as a means to advertising was well shown by the way the world locked and listened twenty years ago. We could use this novelty to our advantage if we had sense enough, rather than to our disadvantage, as was done twenty years ago when the old world was either prejudiced against our climate or indifferent to our country. While the ice palace was, and remains, a novelty, ours is by no means the only country with ice. We were the only people who turned ice to artistic uses in our midwinter sports. And no doubt we shall do so again when we have reasoned the matter out sufficiently.

Among the newspapers that have expressed impatience with the idea that we must forever cry "hush!" about our winters and carefully hold back from winter carnivals and conspicuous amusements are the Toronto Star and Telegram, the Canadian Courier, the Kincardine Review, Canada (published in England) the Regina Leader and many others. The Leader says:

"If the good people of Montreal are doing Canada an evil turn by erecting an ice palace and indulging in a week of winter sport, then, too, did Lord Stanley of Preston, when he created the Stanley Cup as the emblem of the ice hockey championship of the world. Why advertise to the world that our cold is so keen that we can enjoy skating for months at a stretch, that ice boating is enjoyed by the people of Toronto, that Winnipeg boasts the largest curling bonspiel in the world, if such things are so damaging to Canada, and they certainly cannot be less so than an ice palace which is only an incident, and an attractive one, in a carnival week of skating, curling, tobogganing and other winter sports. . . . Instead of condemning rather let our people encourage the good old winter sports in which Canadians of a decade or two ago took much pleasure. Let us not kill all the picturesqueness of our Canadian winter life with its joy and health-giving exercise for the sake of commercialism."

Come on boys, let us not!

We can make the winter pastimes of Canada famous the world over. We can draw large crowds of those people from England who are sent each winter to the bracing air of snowy Switzerland, and still greater numbers from the country to the south of us, and especially from those parts of the Republic where they get but enough winter to make them long for more of it.

We need not burrow into our winter and imagine the world does not know about it, because we keep quiet on the subject. It is not a thing to keep quiet about. If our winter is, in the opinion of anybody, a drawback, then the reason for letting our optimists turn in and make the most of it is all the stronger.

* * *

THE editor of "Canada," himself an Englishmen, who has travelled much in this country, says that he was amazed to read the objections to the proposed winter carnival in Montreal. He proceeds:

"Switzerland does not wrap her talent in a napkin, but puts it out to interest. Her cold winter is recognized as a valuable asset. Ice and snow figure in adviertisements as attractions. Moreover, it is not only as a health resort that Switzerland makes money in the winter, but also as a playground. Winter sports, tobogganing, ski-ing, and other amusements which are dependent on plenty of ice and snow attract crowds of visitors. Every effort is made by the local authorities to trumpet forth to the world the merits of their toboggan 'runs,' and of the sports that are to be held in their own particular locality.

"The question that must arise in the mind of anyone who has known the joy of winter in Switzerland and in Canada, is why does one country make a profit out of ice and snow and the other treat them as if they were a bugbear? There is nothing that can be said of the health-giving qualities of the air of Switzerland in the winter that could not be said with equal justice of Canada. Of course we are not talking of the extreme north of the Dominion, where the winter brings real hardships to the settler, though even there there is something, as we shall see, to be said in favour of the wintry weather. Why should not English people resort to Canada for health and for sport? They might do so if Canada did not hide her light under a bushel. We believe

R. E. WALKER TO COMPETE.

R. E. Walker, the famous South African sprinter, who has just set up a new record for the 100 metres race, will join a South African team of athletes to compete for the championships of the A. A. Union of America.

that in these days, when Canada is only a few days further off than Switzerland from England, English people would flock into the Dominion in the same way as they do now into Switzerland for the enjoyment of winter sports."

* * *

THE public opinion of the energetic younger generation in Canada will back up the Montreal people who are aiming to hold a big meet for winter sports. The newspapers generally are waking up to the issue and will support the venture. It is to be hoped the committee will go ahead and pull off a big success, even without the aid of the railways. But the transportation companies would probably not stand in their own light, but would announce excursion rates at the last moment. For after all they are in the carrying business.

* * *

AWAY back in 1867 a crew of four fishermen at St. John, N. B., went over to Paris, France, and competing in an international regatta cleared up everything in sight. They were known thereafter as the Paris crew and were practically unbeaten until the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. George Price, who rowed the bow oar in this crew, has just died at his home in St. John, aged 69. After returning victorious from France the crew defeated the Ward Brothers at Springfield, and the Prince Alfred crew on Toronto Bay in 1870 and 1871. An English crew came out and defeated the Paris crew at Lachine, but in a second race on the Kennebecasis River near St. John, the English stroke oar, Jarvis Renforth, the then champion sculler of the world, died in the boat a mile from the finish, and the St. John men won. The crew were: Robert Fulton, stroke; Elijah Ross, 3; Sam Hutton, 2; George Price, bow.

* * *

OLD-TIMERS are brought to a later date by the news that Bethune, the great sprinter, who was known the world over a quarter of a century ago, died a few days since in Ohio. In his day he was a marvel of a runner at 100 yards, and he made a world's record of 9 3-5 seconds. It seems odd to think of him as being over fifty years of age at his death. Perhaps, under equal conditions, there was never a man who could move a hundred yards faster than this man.

* * *

LONGBOAT will henceforth be managed as a professional runner by Pat Powers of New York, instead of Tom Flanagan, of Toronto. It is a change that the local admirers of the Indian have heard of with regret. To a manager like Powers the Indian will merely be a runner, one runner of many, to be boomed and boosted along while he is a winner and while he can show a clean pair of heels to all comers. But let him lose and the interest if the stranger in the Indian will not last long. Flanagan had a personal interest in Longboat. He found him, and believed in him through good and evil report, win or lose. The Toronto manager gloried in a win and felt a defeat just as much as Longboat himself. One Tom will miss the other. In time to come we shall probably hear men say: "While Flanagan managed Longboat he was the greatest of runners."

Without doubt Shrubb is a great ten-miler and he will probably go too fast for Longboat in the first hour of their race when they meet in New York. But Longboat has an instinct that warns him not to let anybody run him off his feet, and what he loses in the first ten miles he may gain in the last five. However, if the Indian pulls off a win against Shrubb on an indoor track he will be cheered "e'en by the ranks of Tuscany."

* * *

TWO games of indoor baseball are played every Saturday evening in the Officers' Indoor Baseball League at the armories, and Major William Hendrie, of the 48th Highlanders, has promised to present a cup to the winning team at the end of the season. There are four teams in the League, that known as the 48th Highlanders including also the officers of the Canadian Engineers and the Army Medical Corps; the 10th Royal Grenadiers, including also the 9th Field Battery and the Governor-General's Body Guard; the Queen's Own Rifles, including also the Mississauga Horse and the Army Service Corps, while the Ex-Officers include also the officers at Stanley Barracks and those of the 36th and 12th Regiments. The games to be played on the evening of the 16th are: 48th vs. Q. O. R. at 8 p.m., and R. G. vs. Ex-Officers at 9.30. As visitors are invited a good attendance may be expected to see some good sport.

Hiawatha—Longboat.

FLEET of foot was Hiawatha,
He could shoot an arrow from him
And run forward with such swiftness
That the shaft would fall behind him.
Fleet of foot was also Longboat,
Who could beat Signor Dorando
From the land of macaroni,
From the land of organ-grinders,
From the land of sweet musicians,
Who adjust piano-organs
Just beneath our office window,
And tear off the Merry Widow,
Annie Laurie, Daisy Bell, and
Then the tuneful intermezzo—
From Mascagni's Rusticana—
All of these and many others,
Pleasing little nerve destroyers,
Rendered by the gents with ear-rings
From the land of Sig. Dorando.
Fleet of foot was Mr. Longboat,
Who could train on Scotch and soda.
(If there wasn't any soda
He could train on Scotch exclusive),
And in looking o'er the records
Made by Marathon performers,
Made by English, Dutch, Italian,
Made by Yankee, Greek and German,
Made by T. Longboat's ancestors,
We arrive at the conclusion,
At the steadfast, strong conclusion,
That the great long-distance runners
From the days of Hiawatha
Down to those in his December,
Hadn't anything on Longboat.

—Montreal Star.

Mr. Highbrow—It was Michelet, I believe, who observed that "woman is the salt of a man's life." Miss Keen—Quite true! Young men aren't half so fresh after they get married.—Boston Transcript.

Braidsen Tapes—Yes, I'm fired: Discharged without any reason! Silkson Thredd—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did, you? —Syracuse Herald.

One way to get ahead of the alleged world-wide powder trust would be for the nations of the earth to form a trust and agree not to burn any powder.—New York Mail.

"When a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he nearly allus means hard luck. 'Cause when he's prospercus he's gwinter take all der credit foh his own smahtness."—Washington Star.

Hewitt—No news is good news. Jewett—That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your city editor believe it.—Town and Country.

"Plug tobacco is very convenient to carry, isn't it, Henry?"

"So is Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. A 10c. package of Meerschaum takes up no more room than a 10c. plug. Meerschaum is CUT PLUG—sliced just right for the pipe. You don't waste any when filling your pipe.
And the specially prepared paper and tin foil wrappers, retain the natural moisture and delightful flavor of the pure leaf."

468

MEERSCHAUM CUT PLUG
SOLD EVERYWHERE

FRY'S COCOA IS THE BEST
PURE, DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL.
Sold Everywhere.
D. MASSON & CO. - - AGENTS
Montreal and Toronto

London Life

Save Four Payments.
POLICIES GOOD AS GOLD
Our 16-20 Reserve Dividend Endowment has larger guarantees than the ordinary 20-year Endowment. Yet last four payments remain in your pocket and your policy still shares in surplus earnings.
Write for Booklet 16-20 vs 20-20

"Old Cush landed in this country in his bare feet, ten years ago. Now he's got millions." "You don't say! Why, he's got a centipede skinned to death, hasn't he?"—Cleveland Leader.

Young Man—Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent. Old Man—I live next door to Miss Smith.—Town and Country.

Wiles and Ways of The Press Agent

WHEN Mr. Channing Pollock, the converted press agent now a successful playwright and a prolific magazine writer on things theatrical, published his "Confessions of a Press Agent" in Munsey's Magazine a few months ago, he called down upon his head the maledictions of his successors in the business of giving widespread publicity to the prominent stars and attractions of the stage. So intense was the indignation aroused by his revelations that there was even talk of excommunicating him, with the time-honored aid of bell, book and candle, from the sacred circle of the Friars, the New York Club which is composed principally of theatrical press agents.

Mr. Pollock described in detail how some of the most famous "fakes" in Gotham's newspaper history (Anna Held's milk bath, for instance) had been "planted" with unsuspecting and unsophisticated editors. The burning ire of Mr. Pollock's former associates was not kindled by any misrepresentations put forth by him, for, apart from his professional capacity as a press agent, his reputation for veracity has been as unquestioned as that of his younger brother, who, amid the multitudinous temptations of a great city, bears proudly the sobriquet of "Truthful John" Pollock. It was the fact that his memoirs were absolutely true that stung. The press agents felt that Mr. Pollock had betrayed trade secrets that should have remained locked in his bosom, and they feared lest his frank expose of their methods might foster incredulity on the part of the public and cause the innocent editors to look with suspicion on their best stories. However, in the discussion aroused by Mr. Pollock's naive confidences it developed that neither the dear public nor the artless editors had been really deceived by his clever inventions, but had accepted them rather for the sake of their literary merit and their entertaining quality than for their intrinsic worth as chronicles of fact. Thereupon the anger of the press agents simmered down, a revulsion of feeling set in, and the Friars, instead of giving Mr. Pollock his *conge*, gave him indigestion instead by tendering him a dinner.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with specific examples of the elaborate fabrications of the press agent, but rather to touch upon the general characteristics of his work and the amusing results which sometimes accrue when he yields to his natural vices of exaggeration, padding, and lack of a sense of proportion.

It is the primal duty of the press agent to get space in the newspapers for matter about his star or his show, no matter how he gets, but surely the sense of humor of Miss Roselle Knott's publicity purveyor must have been dulled when he wrote three quarters of a column describing how she shrank like a modest violet from public notice in the newspapers. Another delicious specimen of inconsistency was given on the occasion of Miss Lillian Russell's last engagement in Toronto in her racing comedy, "Wild Fire," which happened to be coincident with the race meeting at the Woodbine. One of the press notices handed out by her agent dilated on Miss Russell's deep interest in the turf, and described a "Killing" she had made by betting at New Orleans on a long shot named after herself. But the fair and oft-wedded Lillian, realizing the vanity of it all, proceeded to spread these words of wisdom through her mouth-piece, the press agent: "Miss Russell, with all of her experience at the track, advises prospective bettors to let the horses alone. Breaking even is the best any one can expect and very few of them are that lucky." This wise counsel, however, was utterly robbed of its effect by the following sentence, which announced that Miss Russell would give no matinee performances, as she intended to visit the Woodbine every day and tempt the Goddess of Fortune in the betting ring.

Apropos of the skeptical attitude of dramatic editors toward the press agent's stories, it is related that the New York Sun printed one yarn with the brief comment: "Here is one that our office cat would not eat." The accompanying tale was to the effect that the guests of a large hotel complained to the management that a prominent actress wore such gorgeous jewels while eating turkey in the dining room that they were well-nigh blinded by the flashing gems as the beautiful stage queen toyed with the drum-stick of the fowl. On an equal plane of intellectuality was the story, foisted on several Toronto papers this season, about a handsome chorus girl who was obliged to shave herself daily. The agent found that he had over-reached himself, for the story aroused such curiosity that it appeared likely he would be called upon to produce the hirsute damsel when the show reached Toronto. Being a young man of resource, he immediately put forth a sequel stating that the young lady had contracted blood poisoning while using her razor, and had been compelled to leave the company in Detroit and return to New York for treatment.

Paul Wilstach, the biographer of the late Richard Mansfield, makes it clear that much of the great actor's irritability was due to his chronic ill-health. Mansfield's boundless egotism, however, cannot be ascribed to the same causes. His press agents were expected to revel in superlatives and employ a vocabulary which is generally reserved for circus posters. "His illuminating genius," "most distinguished of living actors," "a supreme artist," "travels with an enormous retinue," "his conception is in the highest sense, art for amusement's sake" (whatever that means), "a role bristling with wit and scintillating with polite repartee," are some of the fulsome phrases which Mr. Mansfield delighted to see used in his advance notices.

Mr. Mansfield's agent carried a stock of typewritten announcements which read:

"Richard Mansfield will give his celebrated organization of in the beautiful production of This is generally regarded as the finest expression of the Mansfield genius."

The blanks were filled in according to circumstances. Thus Mr. Mansfield might play "Old Heidelburg" at Ottawa, "Richard III." at Hamilton, and "Beau Brummell" at London on successive nights, and the newspaper readers of each town would be assumed that the local offering was "the finest expression of the Mansfield genius."

Miss Marie Cahill aided and abetted by her press agent, started a crusade against tights in the chorus of musical comedies, and succeeded in securing a letter of endorsation from President-elect Taft. This was skilfully used to advertise Miss Cahill's long-skirted but high-kicking show girls. The agent might have made his articles more striking, and less convincing had he but reproduced the photograph, published a couple of years ago in a New York theatrical paper, showing Miss Cahill's plump figure encased in regulation burlesque costume.

In the following sample of unbridled panegyric, the name of the actor is omitted, perhaps unnecessarily, as it is probable that not half-a-dozen readers, even among those well-versed in stage managers, would recall it. Though this glowing prediction was made six or more years ago, it is not on record that any one of the great historians named therein has been pushed from his niche in the Temple of Fame to make room for the subject of the eulogy. List to the press agent:

"Preceded by heraldy of triumphs, the coming of the eminent tragedian, Mr. is being impatiently awaited by all true lovers of art. He is without a living peer, and his youth is not the least valuable of his possessions. Before him lies a straight path to the brightest honors that any actor could desire, for it leads through the field of legitimacy to a goal of fame that shall be as enduring as that won by Forrest, Booth, McCullough, Barrett, Keene and the other mighty masters of stagecraft, who have gone before."

No comment is required upon this classic in bad English:

"If you were being taken around the world in an interesting fashion, looking at beautiful moving pictures, should bring up in England for instance, and visit Avon, and while gazing on the beauties of this quaint village the immortal Bard did suddenly appear before you, or rather his counterfeit did, in a make-up so life-like that it would startle you, and you would imagine that you were face to face with the poet himself, that is what Mr. will introduce at Massey Hall. His manner of producing these results has stamped his work as that of great skill. His countenance is as responsive as a rubber mat (wow!) and he has an amazing faculty of what may be called portraiture in grease paint."

There are few women press agents, and those few are looked upon with a hostile eye by their male competitors. Miss Julia Marlowe, on her last visit to Toronto, was preceded by a feminine agent who had a strange idea of relative values. She handed out a notice enumerating in flowery terms the excellencies of Miss Marlowe's performance in Charles Major's trashy play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," concluding with the line, "Miss Marlowe will also play 'As You Like It.'"

In racing parlance it was a case of Knighthood leading all the way, with Shakespeare an also ran.

The instances cited nearly all concern the agents employed by players of established reputation or attractions of the most pretentious class. They show in what slipshod fashion theatrical press work is often done. As a rule, the poorer the show, or the cheaper the theatre, the more ridiculous are the claims made on their behalf. The piece is hailed as the best on earth and the leading player is proclaimed as the greatest genius of the century. Every burlesque manager says his show is a total departure from the ordinary, and that it eclipses any Broadway musical success.

Each melodrama, in the advance notices, is at once true to life and replete with absolutely novel and sensational features. But the limit of incredible assertion is reached by the man ahead of the musical comedy, when he unblushingly asserts that his libretto has a connected plot. Even the most immature theatre goer is justified in scoffing at such a statement.

To the theatre goers whose only opportunity of estimating the value of an approaching attraction is provided by advance notices, there must come at times a deep disgust at the irreconcilable discrepancies between what is promised and what is actually delivered. Exaggeration and misrepresentation on the part of the press agent ultimately have the effect of inculcating an indifference to and a suspicion of all claims made on behalf of the theatres. The hyperbolic and flamboyant effusions of the press agent soon lose weight with those who have become cognizant by repeated experiences of the utter unreliability of advance notices. It is probably hopeless to look for any immediate betterment of this condition, for there is little likelihood that the press work methods in vogue for so many years will be subjected to sudden change, more especially in these days when sensationalism has become so pronounced a feature of advertising that it is necessary to pile adjective on adjective, like Pelion on Ossa, to arrest the attention of the casual reader. It therefore devolves upon the man in charge of the dramatic section of a newspaper to stand between the press agent and the public, and to endeavor to tone to a becoming degree of moderation the reckless utterances made by the former. Thus only can a newspaper be just to both its readers and the theatrical offerings. In so doing, it is rendering a genuine service, not only to the public, but also to the attraction concerned, as it thereby gives the latter a more reasonable assurance of fulfilling the expectations of an audience.

King Edward, in directing that a fresh inventory should be made of the treasures of Windsor Castle, and a map of the subterranean passages—if any—should be executed, ministers pleasantly to the instinct for accuracy as well as of wonder. A castle with a history of over 700 years is worth exploring. Its modern history, however, begins only with George IV., observes The London Chronicle. When that monarch announced his intention of making the castle his home a grant of £300 000 was voted him by Parliament in 1824. Four architects were called into consultation—Soane, Nash, Smirke, and Jeffrey Wyatt.

Wyatt was the lucky man, and under his direction work was begun. The first stone of King George IV. gateway was laid on August 12, 1824. Everybody was delighted, the architect so much so that he implored the king to allow him to alter his name to Wyattville, an odd request which his majesty graciously granted. On the king taking possession of his private apartments in 1828 "Wyattville" was made a knight. After the first grant of £300,000 others were successively made until by the end of the reign of William IV. very nearly a million had been swallowed up.

THE SILVER NORTH, COBALT, LORRAINE, LARDER LAKE AND GOWGANDA.

Travellers returning from the great mineral fields of the North are more enthusiastic than ever regarding the permanency of the silver camp. Traffic was never better and steadily on the increase. One hundred and fifty teams are now employed daily in moving passengers, freight and supplies to the new Gowganda finds from Earlton, Englehart and Charlton. It is only 18 miles from Charlton to Elk Lake where there are 22 mines, and from Elk Lake to Gowganda is 32 miles.

Leaving Toronto 10.15 p.m. daily, on the Grand Trunk "Cobalt Special," Elk Lake can be reached the next afternoon, via Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard and Charlton, and this will continue to be the best way.

The Ontario Government are being strongly urged to push on the extension of their line from Charlton, which will open up this rich territory.

Full information can be obtained by writing J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G.T.R., Toronto, Ont.

The Saturday Lectures at the University of Toronto will begin to-day, the 16th, when Prof. John Cox, of McGill, will give an illustrated lecture on "Leonardo da Vinci" in the theatre of the Physics Building at 3 o'clock. There will be several lectures in the course and a ticket for all these events, to others than students, will be one dollar, and admission to a single lecture twenty-five cents. On the 25th inst. Prof. G. S. Brett, of Trinity, will lecture on "Myths and Magic" and the others taking part in the course will be the Rt. Rev. Mishop Reeve, Prof. Brodie, Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, Charles T. Currelly, B.A., and Frederick W. Baldwin, B.A. Sc. We are asked to state that tickets are on sale at Tyrrell's.

On Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, at about 7,000 feet above sea level, there is a large, flat stone on which is the imprint of the human foot. Mohammedans believe this to be the place that Adam first stepped, on being expelled from the Garden of Eden. In close proximity to this are the tea gardens of the world-famed Nuwara Eliya district, where "Salada" Tea is grown.

"I aint insultin' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar' an' yer *are* one!"—Punch.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF—

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

LIABILITIES

To the Public:	Dec. 31, 1907.	Dec. 31, 1908.
Deposits bearing interest	$20,216,479.53	$24,300,726.66
Deposits not bearing interest	12,988,309.56	13,090,564.60
Interest accrued on Deposits	59,709.11	52,150.33
Total Deposits	$33,265,498.20	$37,443,441.59
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	$ 3,653,910.65	$ 3,556,432.65
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	156,508.45	133,102.61
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain	193,897.06	.....
Balances due to Agents in Foreign Countries	436,961.62	560,818.84
	$37,706,775.98	$41,693,795.69
To the Shareholders:		
Capital Paid-up	$ 3,000,000.00	$ 3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	4,300,000.0	4,600,000.00
Dividend No. 81 (quarterly at 10 per cent.)	97,500.00	.....
Dividend No. 85 (quarterly at 10 per cent.)	.....	97,500.00
Former Dividends unclaimed	312.61	230.00
Rebate on Bills Discounted, not yet due	100,000.00	100,000.00
Balance on Profits carried forward	156,909.76	78,685.26
	$46,351,498.35	$50,470,210.95

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 2,514,350.84	$ 3,221,717.14
Dominion Government Notes	2,900,185.75	3,760,344.35
Deposit with Government for Security of Note Circulation	180,000.00	190,000.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	2,285,589.00	2,985,741.48
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	64,304.52	36,289.51
Balances due from Agents in Great Britain	.....	372,958.60
Balances due from Agencies in Foreign Countries	775,075.15	594,657.36
Government and Municipal Securities	3,482,695.45	2,695,101.20
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	3,365,048.88	4,501,489.26
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds	3,916,542.97	3,286,141.29
	$19,570,793.56	$21,944,440.19
Loans to other Banks in Canada	.....	$ 496,248.15
Loans to Provincial Governments	$ 18,373.75	107,654.95
Current Loans and Discounts	25,862,931.29	26,736,164.90
Overdue Debts (Loss Provided for)	17,713.13	34,776.28
Bank Premises	881,686.62	1,150,924.39
	$46,351,498.35	$50,470,210.95

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

By net Profits for the Year, after deducting Charges of Management, Accrued Interest on Deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	$ 746,775.50	
By balance of Profit and Loss Account, Dec. 31, 1907	156,909.76	$903,685.26
Appropriated as follows:		
To dividend (10 per cent.)	$ 390,000.00	
To transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	25,000.00	
To written off Bank Premises' Account	200,000.00	
To transferred to Reserve Fund	210,000.00	
To balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	78,685.26	$903,685.26

JOHN L. PEASE,
General Manager.

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 8640 / 8641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... $2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three Months..... .50

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!?· POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. ·?!

Politics in the Far West.

ROSSLAND was still a pretty breezy mining camp, along in 1900, when big Bill Galliher, then residing in Nelson, first presented himself before the electors of Yale-Cariboo, as a candidate for Federal honors in the general election.

To know the genial William was to like him, whatever one's politics, but when he stood on a Rossland platform in this campaign, for the first time, he was up against a hard proposition. Both the other fellows were Rossland men. The small section of Rossland free to have opinions on any subject which were not the opinions of the Miners' Union were largely Conservative, and the Conservative standard-bearer was John McKane, who afterwards made some millions in Tonopah, Nevada, and who, true to his political convictions of that day, has since been queering the political situation for the Grits down in New Brunswick by buying St. John papers and otherwise sinking winzes and tunnels under the Grit position, directing the attacks from his old home at Newcastle, N.B. The other candidate in the 1900 campaign for Yale-Cariboo, was Chris. Foley, the acknowledged leader of the Miners' Union element throughout the mining country.

Mr. Galliher had arrived in the afternoon from Nelson, and in the evening faced an audience, to most of whom he was not known, and which was distinctly hostile. He started off well enough, but the chilly atmosphere soon caused him to hang out some signals of distress. His explanation of his regard for miners and their interests, though he was professionally connected with mining companies prominent in hostile action to the miners' views, were, to say the least, received coldly. People used to say in British Columbia in those days that the rule for political speakers in British Columbia, no matter what their political camp, was: "When in doubt, slug the Chinamen." It may not be altogether out of fashion yet, but probably Japs and Hindoos would be added.

It may be that this came into Mr. Galliher's mind at this stage, for he proceeded with a noticeable increase of fluency and verve, to tell the electors what drastic measures of exclusion and restriction he was prepared to advocate to keep British Columbia a white man's country. Except in Sandon, where no Chinese were allowed, Chinamen in those days did all the laundry work in the mining camps, as well as sawing wood, raising garden truck and some other employments considered beneath the dignity of white men.

Part of Mr. Galliher's trouble before his Rossland audience of flannel-shirted miners may have been a rather conspicuous and expansive white shirt front, which was the cause of an interruption from the audience, at this point in his remarks.

"Say! Who washed that shirt?"

The speaker paused for just a perceptible moment, when with a smile he replied:

"Friend, it's brand new!"

When the votes were counted after the election, Rossland showed up well for Galliher, and it may be that his ready wit on this occasion had something to do with it.

Another Rossland Reminiscence.

IN 1896 things were just getting a gait on and the camp included miners and prospectors from mining camps all the way from Mexico north to the international boundary. There were hotels, saloons, stores and surveying and mining brokers' offices forming a kind of a main street, which is now Columbia avenue, and Sour Dough alley, parallel to it, where First avenue is now, was a strange medley of little shacks of all kinds, where Chinamen and white men elbowed each other in still less pretentious quarters. Klockman's International Saloon and Music Hall, always respectable and law-abiding for a mining camp, would contain on any week-day evening a curious collection of all sorts and conditions of men from all corners of the earth. Champagne flowed to celebrate lucky strikes or deals, also whiskey, beer, etc.

John Kirkup, the Mining Recorder, who always looms large in any of the early history of Rossland, was the sole representative of the majesty of British law. A poor, lone, elderly woman who had drifted into the camp from somewhere and had a small shack among the firs on the edge of the settlement was trying to make a living keeping chickens—eggs were anywhere from 60 cents a dozen up.

A couple of prospectors from one of the Coeur D'Alene camps in Idaho, who lived in an adjoining shack, were suspected by her of having stolen some of her chickens, and thus having seriously reduced her only means of existence in a hard winter season. A mining camp may contain rough elements, and, as Service says of the men of the Yukon—

"Desperate, strong and resistless.
Unthrottled by fear or defect.....
.....Only the strong shall survive."

But in the conflict women and children are barred.

The poor old lady appealed to my informant who advised her to go down and see Kirkup. The result was a visit to her shack the same afternoon from Mr. Kirkup, who being an old policeman and detective, soon discovered some chicken feathers around the back of the prospectors' cabin. Kirkup walked into the cabin unannounced and asked:

"You boys been having any chicken soup lately?"

Without waiting for a reply he said:

"I want you both to come down to my office (everybody knew John Kirkup—the biggest man in the camp) at nine to-morrow morning, sharp."

The "boys" started to pack up that night and struck south for the Coeur D'Alene before daylight.

Fun With a Bridal Couple.

PASSENGERS on Christmas Eve in one car of the G. T. R. train leaving at 11.20 p.m. for the West, had a lot of fun with a bridal couple in the last fifteen minutes before the train pulled out.

Nothing in particular pointed out the couple till an interested young man—probably a brother—spilled much confetti over the pair as they sat in their single seat waiting for the train to start.

While the happy couple were brushing each other off along came the man who made all the fun. He was one of those plump, jolly fellows of medium height, and he wore a big, fine fur coat and a happy smile.

"Hello, kid," he said, pausing at the side of the couple. "Married? Mine was eleven years ago. See this fox? I'm taking my wife a set of furs that cost me $150. Do that after you've been married eleven years, kid—take the wife home a hundred-and-fifty set of furs—and you'll be all right," he added as he moved along to the front of the car.

As the young couple were in the middle of the car many passengers had had a little laugh over the jolly stranger's actions, but their fun was doubled many times a little later when the jolly fellow came strolling back.

"I don't think you believed me, kid," he said to the groom, as he placed the big square cardboard box on the top of the back of the seat just in front of the bridal couple. "I don't think you believed me, and I'm going to show you."

"Mind if I put this here?" he asked of the woman occupying only the window half of the seat in front.

The woman raised no objection, so the jolly fellow put the big box in the unoccupied half of the seat and started to loosen the string.

Keeping up a running comment he got the box opened and held to view a splendid mink muff and "throw."

"There, kid; I'm taking that home to my wife," he said, and, leaning over to the blushing bride he added: "What do you think of it, Missus?"

The couple took the fun well, and the other passengers enjoyed it hugely. The bride's attention was taken by friends calling to her through the open window, and she told of the jolly fellow who was getting blamed for the muss of confetti.

"Yes, I'm here," cried the jolly one to the friends outside. "Yes, I'll take care of them."

Suddenly the train started backing up.

"Oh, she's backing," said the jolly fellow, who then took on a serious look. "That's a bad omen. That means something."

Passengers laughed heartily between his comments. Sadly he stood facing the rear of the train and saying: "Gee, I hate that. I don't like that at all. I've been on this train every night for six months and this is the first time she's backed up."

At last he went on to the front of the car again, and just as the passengers were saying, "He wasn't drunk, was he?" the jolly fellow turned his now sad face and cried out from the very front of the car, "Backing up! I don't like that at all!"

Founder of the Galt Family.

IT should interest many Canadians to know that there has just been published by the Oxford University Press a reprint of John Galt's "Annals of the Parish." Few of the present generation stop to think who John Galt was, and probably still fewer have read the "Annals of the Parish." Yet this same John Galt was the founder of the city of Guelph and also of the town which bears his name. He came to Canada in the early twenties as Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company of whom he called himself the "chief contriver." He was the founder of the family in this country that bears his name. Sir Thomas Galt, one of the noted judges of this province, was a son of his, and Mr. Percy Galt, the well-known barrister, of Toronto, is a grandson. In the Mother Land his early book, which was in reality the beginning of what is known as the "Kailyard school" of literature, which has had a modern fruitage in such works as Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" and the late Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Briar Bush."

In this new edition of his chief important literary achievement it is stated, with the lofty tone of a literary pundit, by the editor of the volume that: "The most interesting thing about Galt is his thankless attitude towards literature. When he was a young man he believed, like many young men ignorant of the world, that literature was the first of human pursuits, and he was in love with 'the *post orbit* halo that surrounds a literary name'. . . . The fervor of youth once past, he was a publicist by choice, and an author only by necessity."

It appears that Mr. Galt wrote an autobiography which should be a rather precious possession for students of the early history of Ontario, and Mr. G. S. Gordon, his editor, is inclined to think that in it he made too little of his literary reputation. He suspects, probably unjustly, that Galt was ashamed of being an author at all. He goes on to say:

"Galt's lodgings on Downing street, his principle of rapid composition and carefully maintained demeanor of burgher-like ease, were all moves in a game—the game which Scott and the whole Blackwood group of writers played so zealously in Edinburgh. They were meant to throw society off the scent, or to appease it by their evident contrition."

"I shall not be justly dealt with," he said, "if I am considered merely as a literary man." He comforted himself with the thought that when his numerous books were forgotten he would still be remembered as the "contriver of the Canada Company."

Perhaps if his editor could visit Canada and realize what such men as Galt did for the settlement and civilization of Western Ontario this remark of the author would not seem quite so fantastic. One is interested to learn that the "Annals of a Parish" was intended by Galt to be the Scottish "Vicar of Wakefield," and his editor maintains that the comparison is less unequal than might be supposed by those unfamiliar with his book; both men have the same talent for the humors of simple life, and the same instinct for reminiscence, he holds. He summarizes it thusly: "The great superiority of the 'Annals' over the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is that it does without hypotheses and seems to do without illusions. To the interest of autobiography it adds the reality of a chronicle."

A Bare-Faced Deception.

IF any bearded man wants a little fun let him shave off his whisker. He can have plenty of it for a day or two, although mirth ceases when he starts to grow it again, and is mistaken by every chance stranger for a hobo. A Torontonian who, a fortnight or so ago, shaved for the first time in thirteen years, did not realize until he had done so how precious a possession his beard was held to be by the rest of the community. His personal friends wavered between pity, sorrow, and contempt, while those whom he could hardly regard as being disinterested, proclaimed it a great improvement. For instance, the barber was emphatic in his belief that it made him look fifteen years younger, and that he ought to get shaved every day. His wife openly declared that she would seek a separation since he had married her under false pretences.

But he got his fun out of it by trying to pose as his own brother, on a trip east for the holiday season. On one or two occasions he managed to keep up the illusion for a minute or more, but then his voice would betray him. The only one he was really successful with was a police officer who had known him well for years. He met this officer on the street and asked, with the air of a stranger, to be directed to a certain public building. The officer looked at him in that searching way that the police apply to all strangers who may be escaped murderers.

"I have a brother working there," volunteered the beardless one by way of explanation.

A light shot across the features of the officer. With an air of true discernment he said:

"I know your name. Don't tell me it. Isn't it So-and-So?"

"Right you are," said the other.

"Well, if you only had a beard you'd be like twins," said the delighted sleuth.

"We are," said the beardless one, and, being directed with great courtesy by the officer, he went his way smiling.

An Election That Is an Election.

WELL, the fight is on. No, not the battle of the "U" or a protested Federal or municipal election—nothing so frivolous or insignificant. This is a real battle, and it will be fought to a finish without quarter and without mercy. But when the finish is reached the love feast that will follow will put everything else of the kind so far in the background that the "dopesters" will talk all winter long of the new record.

This fight is for official positions in the Toronto Press Club, the largest, the brightest, and the freest institution of its kind in Canada. If the writer of this was not a member of the club he would dilate on these truths, but even in a newspaper man there are occasionally to be found some remnants of modesty.

To proceed. Do you know who are the candidates for the presidency this year? One is none other than Fergus Kyle, SATURDAY NIGHT's clever artist, and his opponent is Alexander C. Lewis, of The Telegram. If you have any friends on a newspaper in Toronto you should get them to arrange to allow you to see some of the campaign literature that is being issued by the mild-mannered supporters of the respective candidates, not only for the presidency but for the other offices. With that quiet restraint so characteristic of Canadian newspaper men, murder and arson are so far the mildest of the crimes charged against the candidates.

At this writing Lewis and his supporters have not shown up very well in the literary contest. They have contented themselves with sending out to the members of the club a picture of Lewis, bearing the inscription, "The Man for President." We have seen the picture. It was apparently taken while Alex was listening to his chief saying a few words about R. J. Fleming's methods of running the street railway, for Alex was in R. J.'s office when the latter was a city official, and if any man is a hero to Alex that man is the genial manager of the street railway. We said we had seen the picture. Well, we have not seen one of Kyle's yet, and if his friends can manage to dissuade him and his campaign managers from issuing one, his chances for election will be very much brighter. Of course, Alex is a nice fellow and his picture is a little bit like him, but—

Kyle and his campaign managers have produced the best looking literature sheets so far, though opinions are likely to differ as to the standard of the literature. The intelligent electorate—and could there be a more intelligent electorate than is to be found on the staffs of the newspapers?—are abjured to "Kum on an' vote for Kyle," and in another effusion everybody is requested to "Smile, smile, smile, for Kyle, Kyle, Kyle." Kipling may deserve all that is said of his ability to write poetry that goes to the heart of things, but anything more to the point than a smile and Kyle would be hard to conjure up.

It is not alone, however, in the fight for the presidency that the budding political leaders, Shakespeares and Kiplings of the newspapers display all their talents. For instance, the battle for the vice-presidency is bringing out sheaves of material. The fight is between Melvin O. Hammond, of The Globe, and Hector Charlesworth, of The Mail and Empire. The first blast from Hammond's committee rooms declares that "Hammond is always a winner"; wants to know why Charlesworth has recently had his "beautiful whiskers" trimmed; and, finally implores the members of the club to hitch their wagon to a star and let Charlesworth continue to "Touchstone on the Bumps." (Mr. Charlesworth's dramatic criticisms under the nom-de-plume of "Touchstone" are well known to many readers.) Charlesworth's press agent responds with a few choice remarks, in which he opines that "stars have been known to fall," and suggests that the free members of a free and independent body "Choose a meteor, Charlesworth the shining light."

The contests for the minor offices are being quite as keenly fought, though there is lots of time between now and the 26th inst., when the voting takes place, for the candidates and their assistants to do a good deal worse, or better, than they have to date. A few gentle knocks have already been dealt to Walter S. B. Armstrong, a newspaper writer who has done more or less work in the temperance cause, and who aspires to one of the club's auditors, for the Press Club has real money in a real bank. Members are solemnly warned that Armstrong does not believe in the treating system, that "He has been writing local option guff so long he is beginning to believe it," and finally that: "He will stand up and with a rye mouth, tell you he never drank whiskey." In addition to all this the reader is exhorted in the following paraphrase of a now historic term in this city: "Don't kill the Press Club."

It's a good thing for the newspapers that the election takes place on the 26th. If this campaign lasted much longer there would be no news in the papers. The boys are getting too busy with the campaign material.

An Echo of "Tag Day."

THOUGH Toronto's first "tag day" is now a memory, a little tale in connection with it has come to light, and it is interesting because it shows that the small boy of "the Ward" is not wholly bad.

On tag day many newsboys made quite a few dimes by buying tags from the tagettes at a low price, one or two cents, and retailing them to people at a considerable profit. They, of course, pocketed the profit and considered the transaction quite a proper one. Little financiers that they were, they figured that "tag day" was a sort of general hold-up game, and they might as well get into it, too.

One of the newsys who made a neat little profit felt so proud over it that he told how he did it when he went to Elizabeth street school the next Monday. The teacher pointed out to him the error of his ways, and soon convinced him that he had taken an undue advantage of the tag day brigade. As soon as the class was dismissed Benny made his way to the tagettes' headquarters, told his tale, and returned some forty cents—conscience money.

Then he went back next day to school with a clear conscience, and thanked his teacher for telling him the right thing to do.

Qualifications of Candidates.

A NUMBER of local politicians were sitting in a restaurant the other day, chatting about the outcome of the general elections. The very large vote polled by several candidates who were almost illiterate, in comparison with that of some men who, though generally supported by the press, had failed of election, came up.

"Well," said an old campaigner, "it reminds me of a fight down in Renfrew years ago. I went down to deliver a speech, and at the hotel after the meeting I ran into the oldest inhabitant and asked what he thought about the election.

"Faugh," said he, "I don't care a continental about it. Why, the Grit spells dog with two 'g's' and the Tory can't spell it at all."

Probably it was the same old philosopher who in later years paid the tribute to Mr. E. A. Dunlop, ex-M.P. P.: "Ed don't swear much himself, but he knows good swearin' when he hears it."

The Gramophone Shocked Him.

A VERY righteous Presbyterian elder, who loved music very much, but hated all dance tunes with a bitter hatred, purchased a gramophone from an agent, who, understanding his customer's views, played sacred tunes only in showing the machine. The elder's son, however, slyly secured a number of very fast tunes for his own satisfaction. The gramophone was carried home and set up on the centre table to perform. First came "Rock of Ages," then the Twenty-third Psalm, then, horrors! the thing started off on lively reels, waltzes and dance tunes. The old man fled upstairs with his wife, horrified that his home should be so defiled.

After a whispered consultation it was decided that the box should be returned to the agent at once. On the way the elder met a neighbor, who, seeing his excitement, greeted him with:

"Hello! What's up?"

"My telephone is wrong, and I'm going to see the agent."

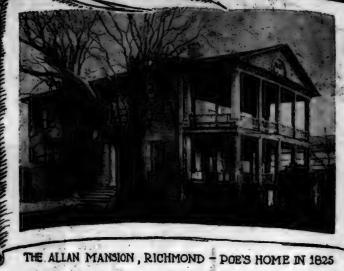
"Oh, you've got a 'phone? That will be so handy to talk down town."

"A-ah! It's no telephone. It's a be-et of a box, with a spout on like a teapot, and you wind it up like a grindstone, and put dishes on it, and, oh, it plays dance tunes—dance tunes, man!"

Lord Clanricarde, the most execrated man in Ireland, is about to lose his property there. His enormous estate of 80,000 acres is to be taken from him by the Irish Land Commissioners and distributed among the Galway peasantry—of course at a fair valuation.

The defence in the Hains case rests on the evidence of insanity "experts." The theory is that men like Hains and Thaw are perfectly rational except when they are killing somebody.—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN RICHMOND



THE ALLAN MANSION, RICHMOND — POE'S HOME IN 1825

By A. J. CLARK

IN gifted lives which have been strangely overcast by sombre shadows, bitter disappointments, and regrettable lapses from the straight and narrow path, it is refreshing to turn to their few bright spots, if such there be, and from them learn "the what might have been" had the fates been less unkind.

If periods of this nature, little glimpses of sunshine, brief respites from the pursuit of a seemingly relentless Nemesis ever came into the life of Edgar Allan Poe, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated on January 19, they were largely spent in Richmond, Virginia.

Left an orphan at the tender age of less than two years, in Richmond, he found a foster-parent and generous benefactor in the person of John Allan, whose home surrounded him with all the social amenities of a well-to-do Southern household, and whose purse was freely unclasped that young Poe might receive a worthy education.

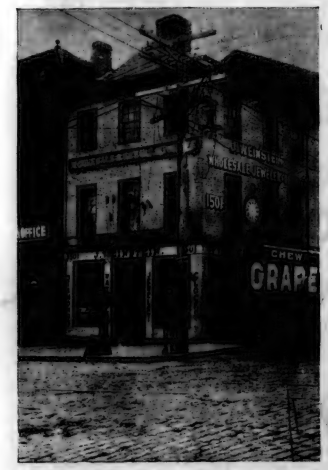
In the Southern capital, accordingly, Poe attended a classical preparatory school, was a member of a Thespian society, displayed the earliest evidences of his poetic gift, had boyish love affairs, prepared for his entrance to the University of Virginia, and, above all, formed some of the friendships which were to be among the most lasting of his life.

Provoked by the excesses which manifested themselves during the future poet's brief university career, came the unfortunate estrangement between Mr. Allan and his protege. This occurred in 1826, and Richmond saw little of Poe again until the summer of 1835, when he returned as assistant editor of The Southern Literary Messenger, a struggling venture which his brilliant talent soon brought to both literary fame and financial success.

For a second time the star of promise seemed to arise in a life, young, as years go, but old in experience of world buffetings. The lion of Southern literary critics and the dread of those against whom his caustic pen was adversely directed, he at this period did some of his best work. Literary productions, too, which he had accumulated during his army and West Point experiences found publicity, and a career of great promise had, to all appearances, opened up to the ambitious young literatus. Full of hopes and plans, the following year, to be exact, May 16, 1836, witnessed his marriage to his youthful cousin, Virginia Clemm.

Following this event the dark clouds once more settled down. The brilliant young editor, a model of industry when sober, would periodically enter upon wild debauches, and so frequent did these finally become that his forced resignation was announced in the opening number of The Messenger for 1837.

Only once more did Poe visit Richmond. He came back, broken in health and fortune, to his boyhood haunts early in August, 1849, and left on September 29



The building in Richmond, where the Southern Literary Messenger was published.

for Baltimore, where he closed his sadly checkered life on October 7.

During this brief stay, though very downcast, his melancholy was to some extent dispelled by the kind reception accorded him by his old friends, and at the solicitation of some of them he gave a public reading of "The Raven" at the Exchange Hotel, the then fashionable hostelry of the city. Only eleven persons attended, and the already despairing poet was broken-hearted. The failure of the recital, however, was shortly afterward amply atoned for, when three hundred admirers crowded the parlors of the same hotel to hear his lecture on "The Poetic Principle" and paid five dollars each for the privilege. This was, in all probability, the last money ever earned by Poe and served to greatly heighten his drooping spirits.

Thus, briefly, did Richmond know Edgar Allan Poe. The Richmond which he knew is the reverse side of the picture. Much of the Southern capital with which Poe was familiar was swept away by the fire which marked its evacuation by the Confederates at the close of the Civil War. In this conflagration, at any rate, was destroyed the building in which he was married. Other structures with which he was intimately associated stood until comparatively recent dates. Among these was the Allan mansion at the southeast corner of Fifth and Main streets. A substantial old brick structure, it was not erected by the man whose name it bore, but was purchased by him from a former Andalusian owner whose semi-tropical tastes had led him to surround it with a garden in which flourished a profusion of myrtles, jessamines, grapevines, raspberry bushes, fig and box trees.

Across the eastern end of the house extended a broad double balcony, from the upper floor of which was to be obtained a commanding view of the surrounding country and the island-studded James River. Here also stood a powerful telescope, by some thought to have influenced Poe in his liking for astronomy.

Such was the home in which Edgar, as he was then alone known, spent, perhaps, the happiest summer of his life preparing under private instruction for his university entrance—the summer of 1825. The old mansion before its demolition in the early '90's, had fallen into great disrepair. The site is now occupied by stores and residences.

Another landmark associated with Poe was what was known as the "Swan Tavern," a frame structure dating from 1795, and which stood on the north side of Broad street, between Eighth and Ninth streets. Here he took up his abode during his last stay in Richmond in 1849. Even at that date its popularity had departed and, as time proved, departed never to return. From stage to stage of neglect it successively fell, until during the writer's residence in Richmond it housed the city's negro newspaper and a nondescript variety of small business ventures attracted by its cheap rentals. The old inn was torn down only a few years ago to furnish a site for a modern theatre.

The Exchange Hotel, with its classic, Ionic-pillared entrance, still stands at the corner of Fourteenth and Franklin streets, but from it, also, has the ancient glory

Exchange Hotel, Richmond, Va., where Poe gave recitals and lectures.

The old Swan Tavern, in Richmond, where Poe lodged in 1849.

departed. It is now used as the headquarters of the city's associated charities.

The remaining structure of which an illustration is given is that which stands at Fifteenth and Main streets, and in which the Southern Literary Messenger was published. Firm-walled and substantial it is now used for retail commercial purposes and bids fair to withstand the hand of time for many years to come. Several private residences at which Poe was a visitor at various times, stand on different streets, but they are unknown to the great mass of Richmond's present population.

Literary Richmond, however, cherishes Poe's memory, and the story of his brilliant, but sad, career within her gates is in no danger of being forgotten.

In Defence of the Street Car Men.

SO much has been written of late in the popular press about isolated instances of discourtesy on the part of street car men, that the general public is in danger of forgetting that there is another side to the question. This is unfair to a large body of men whom most of us hold in awe, and who daily incur public displeasure by their determined efforts to uphold the traditions of the great corporation they serve.

Who has not witnessed examples of thoughtfulness on the part of these much abused men? Thoughtfulness lies at the very root of all good manners. It is the essential token of good breeding, and the secret of a true courtesy. Emerson has well said, "Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."

Who, for instance, could be more thoughtful than the street car crew I saw one cold night several weeks ago, who held an east-bound car for fifteen minutes at the King street barns while they searched for Davidson. It was the last day car, and the first night car did not start for thirty-five minutes. Although the mysterious "Davidson" was not missed till after the car was under way, the motorman backed it up to the barns again, and calmly waited until word arrived that "Davidson" had gone home on an earlier car. Surely these good-hearted fellows are entitled to praise, for their fifteen-minute stoppage even though Davidson was not lost but merely gone before. Old John Milton truly sings—

"They also serve,
Who only stand and wait."

And indeed so important was it that that particular car should be run on schedule time, that the conductor had been unable to wait at the corner of Yonge street a few minutes before, while a man and his wife with three small children crossed the road running for his car.

Take the question of obedience to orders. Who has ever done justice to the street car men for the magnificent manner in which they carry out the letter of their instructions? It was by obedience to orders that Napoleon's generals won their victories, and, indeed, all great generalship demands intense obedience.

Yet, I doubt me if the scrolls of military fame record a more sublime instance of fearless obedience than that I saw shown recently by an unheroic and ill-favored appearing motorman who made a pretty little lady disembark into the mud at the corner of Kingston road, because the white post was situated several feet away from the crossing. True, for a moment as she pleaded with him and drew her skirts up until the lace embroideries of her lingerie showed, he hesitated and I feared he was lost, but I had bitterly misjudged him.

"Them's my orders," he said, heroically pointing to the post; and the tearful looking siren stepped off into the mud.

The immortal Chang Tsu, who, on receipt of a message from his sovereign drank a cup of poisoned wine without waiting to finish the game of chess the messenger found him at, could scarcely have done it better. Fortunately, the parable of the obedient servant still holds. The "Joy of the lord" makes one man a field marshal, and another a ruler over many countries. May it not be that our motorman friend shall be rewarded with a roadmaster's job?

The most satisfactory incident I ever saw is one which gives the lie in the throat to that hoary slander which accuses street car men of caring nothing for the neat appearance of their uniforms and their cars. The conductor in this case had got my ticket, and I had settled back for a nap. Three pages out of my notebook, thrown carelessly away, had evidently been carried back by the wind, for the conductor awakened me up with a start to inquire if they were mine. I assured him they had been, but that I had no further use for them. As his face flamed up with anger, I realized I was in the presence of one who was unlike the popular idea of a street car conductor—that here was one who really cared for the neat appearance of his car. But before I had time to frame an apology, the little man struck an attitude, and lifting up his voice cried aloud:

"If it wasn't for my uniform, I'd throw you off the car."

I confess that for a moment in my foolish haste I misunderstood him, that a warm flush came to my brow, an itching sensation in my hands, and memories of something I had learned at college came over me. But for one moment only was I in danger of having to appear in the police court. When that was past I rose, pleased and smiling at his delicate compliment.

"I think," I said, amid many blushes, "that you are to be commended for the care you take of your uniform."

The superficial may sneer at the little man's overflowing zeal, yet the fact remains that he was willing to be sacrificed as a victim on the altar of his desire to vindicate the sacred rights of street car conductors, and was only restrained by the knowledge that his uniform would have suffered damage in the ceremony. And, of course his uniform had done nothing worthy of punishment.

There are two sides to every question. The street car men are not always the boors they are alleged to be. Many of them, as I have shown, are actuated by the worthiest of motives.

"Always keep your eyes open for everything that is beautiful and true," advised Charles Kingsley, in one of his delightful letters to his wife. If the public would only bear this motto in mind and try to ascribe worthy motives to all whose actions they cannot fully understand we would hear many more appreciative things about street car men.

J. SEDGWICK COWPER.

Toronto, January, '09.

Consistency.

WE have bought and framed a picture of a lady,
And given it the best place in our hall;
She stands where spreading branches make it shady,
And she hasn't any clothing on at all!
If she who was the model came undressed,
Exhibiting her grace of form and feature
And asking for a nook in which to rest,
Do you think we would admit the shameless creature?

We go to plays in which the chief employment
Of men and women is to scorn the need
Of virtue, and we find a keen enjoyment
In seeing marriage lightly travestied.
We laugh to see the husband fooled, the wife
Become a jest for love that burns too deeply;
But in the stern realities of life
We turn from those whose vows are given cheaply.

We sit and read in eager exaltation
And often let our tears fall on the book
For her who finds the depths of degradation,
Her crimson stains we nobly overlook
And sigh with satisfaction when at last
She rests upon the hero's breast, forgiven;
But in the flesh we'd loathe her as she passed,
However splendidly she might have striven.

We breathe with rapture as we sit perusing
The poet's lines concerning flowery lanes,
And in our joy indulge in pensive musing
O'er those bucolic haunts where quiet reigns;
In fancy we can hear the plowman's voice
As joyously he sings some honest ditty;
But, coming back to earth again, our choice
Is still to struggle in the roaring city.

—S. E. Kiser, in Life.

R. C. Teachers and the Public Schools.

THE dispute in Toronto about Roman Catholic teachers in the Public Schools should be settled along the lines of common sense and fair dealing.

When the children of a Roman Catholic family are sent to the Public Schools and get such an education that they are qualified to teach in the schools they were trained in, there can be no just objection raised to such a teacher as this.

But when the children of a Roman Catholic family are not sent to the Public Schools, but are taught that those schools are to be avoided, and that they must attend Separate schools to which the family diverts its taxes—then, of course, it is absurd for the daughter of that family to expect that she can find employment teaching in the Public Schools.

The desire of the State is that all people should rally around the Public School, and those who do so, should meet with just treatment. Among Public School children there should be none discriminated against, and, indeed, the Public School system should make some effort to take care of those who stand by it, although under strong pressure to withdraw.

The Earthquake.

WE fret the earth with plow and sticks
The rolling seasons through,
We dam the river at the source
And make their courses new.

We tunnel through the solid rock
And pierce the mountain side,
We chip away at isthmuses
And continents divide.

We sink our shafts deep down for gold,
Throughout her breadth and length,
We build our towers high and deep
And glory in our strength.

Then as a sleeping dog endures
No more the tease and scoff,
She yawns a bit and with a shrug
She shakes the pygmies off.

—McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

The Stock Market.

THE local share market has been fairly active within the week. Some weakness was shown in a few issues, but generally speaking the undertone was strong. Cheap money is the strongest factor in the situation. It was never more splendid here, with the deposits of the banks the largest on record. In consequence of the large reserves, bankers are only too willing to lend on the security of stocks and bonds, and the rates, 4 to 4 1-2 per cent. are probably the lowest in the history of many of these institutions. It is this cheap money that is the staying power of the security market. So far there has been no excessive speculation, but the natural tendency under present money conditions, is towards inflation of prices. A stock that has risen considerably is Canada Permanent Mortgage Company. It is stated that this company made a great many loans, amounting to a considerable sum, about a year ago at about 8 per cent. in the West, the loans extending for periods of several years. This is a big thing for the company, and is the basis for the advance in the price of the stock. A half-year or so ago the stock sold at 112, and now it is up to 150. The mid-summer dividend had been increased from 6 to the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and there is street talk that a further increase is likely. Twin City has been in active demand, and has reached a higher figure than for a long time past. It sold at 101 on Tuesday. The stock has, within two or three years, been up to 122 1-2, but the present price is the highest since early in 1907, when it stood at 108 3-4. The highest price last year was 97 1-8, and the lowest, 79. The earnings were fairly good last year, amounting to $6,333,296, an increase of $312,254 over the previous year, or at the rate of 5.19 per cent. on the stock. Winnipeg Electric, on the other hand, has been weak of late, the selling being partly due to the talk of civic control of the property. Under 160, it is considered a purchase. It is held in comparatively few hands. Canadian Pacific has done nothing marketwise, but Sault Ste. Marie common, which is controlled by the big railway, has had a good advance. There is a rumor that the shareholders of Soo Co. will benefit by a contemplated issue of new stock. Navigation stocks have improved the past week. The annual meeting of Niagara Navigation was held on Tuesday. Net earnings for the year were $102,510, as compared with $100,325 the previous year, and a net balance of $133,394 is carried forward, an increase of $2,700. The company paid dividends of 8 per cent. The directors have purchased the Lewiston wharf and land adjoining for $25,000. There is a probability that the dividend on Richelieu & Ontario will be increased. Northern Navigation has declared 8 per cent. for the year, and we understand its statement will be most satisfactory.

One of the most important centenaries occurring this year will be that of the opening of steam navigation on the St. Lawrence. The fact that a passenger steamship line was inaugurated in 1809, three years before there was any similar line in Great Britain, illustrated the enterprise of Canada's steamboat pioneer, the first Hon. John Molson. The steamer which he had built in Montreal during the summer of 1809 and fitted with engines made in the ancient iron works of Three Rivers, is the first practical steamer in the world ever completely built and put in operation outside of the British Isles. It is true that Robert Fulton built a steamer in 1807 and ran her on the Hudson on regular trips in 1808, but his boilers and machinery were made by Boulton & Watt, of England. Canada's first steamer, which opened up a steamship route that has been continuously operated ever since, was entirely the product of Canadian skill, material and labor.—Montreal Star.

The Toronto Star finds reason for the revival of the rumor of the return of a British garrison to Halifax the inability of "a Canadian garrison to take tips from the summer tourists." Therein the Star shows that it has not been in Halifax of late. The soldiers on the Citadel are mostly old countrymen and, though serving Canada, are every bit as ready to accept tips as if they were being paid by the British War Office.—Ottawa Free Press.

British capitalists invested $163,455,000 in Canadian bonds last year. It is a mutually profitable arrangement: Great Britain has the cash and Canada the opportunities. —London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Miss Ethel Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is the head of a large typewriting bureau in London, and is described as a keen business woman.

IN THE LAST WEST

MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN REGIONS OF CANADA

MR. R. E. YOUNG, the enthusiastic and energetic Superintendent of the Railway Lands branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, contributes to the "Last West" page some information on the meaning of the word "muskeg," which often puzzles Eastern readers. He says:

The word "muskeg" seems to be derived from the language of two great divisions of the Indian family—the Algonquins and the Chahta-Muskokis.

In Mr. Hind's "Canadian Exploring Expedition," we read of the Muskeg nation, Muscaigoes or Swampy Crees. These Crees are one of the divisions of the Algonquin family and are found on the southern shores of the Hudson Bay and in Manitoba, and retained the language of the stock in its purest form. In the country occupied by them—Manitoba and the Northwest generally—muskeg is used commonly to denote a morass. It is best described in the Encyclopædic Dictionary: "A peaty stratum, formed on the surface of a lake by the interlacing of vegetable drift with aquatic plants, on which, in process of time, shrubs and even trees grow, and capable sometimes of supporting the weight of a railway."

The line of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company west of Fort William is built over several of these muskegs, which have from time to time given them much trouble.

The Chahta-Muskokis evidently adopted the word from the Algonquin tribes. They formerly occupied nearly the whole of Mississippi and Alabama, and large portions of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina. In Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia we read of the Muskhogean, evidently a word akin to Muskokis and which we read is from the Algonquian for swamplanders, or swamp-dwellers.

We do not find the word "muskeg" in the older dictionaries and only in the supplement of some of the newer ones. One of these runs:

"Muskeg. N. (N. American Indian). In Northern Canada a marshy hollow or depression; a rock basin containing more or less water and vegetation."

Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia has this: Muskhogean (musk-hogee-an) Indians. (Muskhogean is from Algonquian for swamplanders—swamp-dwellers): a linguistic stock composed of tribes formerly occupying almost the whole of Mississippi and Alabama, and large portions of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina; now the majority are settled in the Indian Territory."

Hind's "Canadian Exploring Expedition" contains this reference: "Mr. Macdonald divides the Indians who hunt northeast and north of the Lake of the Woods from those who inhabit the shores, islands and the country east and southeast of that beautiful lake. The former belong to the Muskeg Nation (Muscaigoes) or Swampy Crees, the latter to the great Ojibway nation."

The Encyclopædic Dictionary gives this definition: "Muskeg. S. (Indian). A peaty stratum, formed on the surface of a lake by the interlacing of vegetable drift with aquatic plants, on which in process of time, shrubs and even trees grow, and capable sometimes of supporting the weight of a railway."

* * *

WHAT stories could be told by the men who deliver "His Majesty's mail" in the Far North of Canada if they had the gift of writing!—especially when a bald statement such as the following recent despatch from Dawson reads so dramatically:

A Northwest Mounted Police detachment left early to-day for Herschel island and Fort McPherson with mail. The expedition is expected back in March and will travel a trackless course over the Rocky Mountains, penetrating the Mackenzie valley via Peele river. The noted mushers Forest, Simons and Hewitt are in the party with Indian trailbreakers and several dogs drawing toboggans.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the financial depression during the past year, two thousand miles of railway were built in the Canadian West during 1908. This does not include a large amount of track approaching completion, but means simply the new lines on which passenger trains are being operated. Some idea of the extent of this expansion in railway construction may be arrived at by recalling the fact that the distance between Winnipeg and Vancouver is less than 1,500 miles, and that if a single line of that length had been opened it would have been considered a great work.

The new mileage which has been added to the various lines during the year is distributed among the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Figures furnished by the various railway companies show that the distribution was as follows:

The Canadian Pacific railway, according to the reports of the engineering department, added 826 miles.

The Canadian Northern, according to the reports of its engineering department, added 245 miles.

The Grand Trunk Pacific completed and brought under operation, 854 miles.

The total mileage of the Canadian Pacific railway west of Port Arthur at the close of the year is reported at 6,160 miles.

The total mileage of the Canadian Northern at the close of the year is reported at 3,119 miles.

The total mileage of the Grand Trunk Pacific under operation at the close of the year is reported at 854 miles.

The total mileage of the Great Northern railway in Western Canada at the close of the year is reported at 624 miles.

The total mileage of all the railway companies doing business in Western Canada at the close of 1908 is thus 10,757 miles.

The work of the Grand Trunk Pacific during the year has been confined in Western Canada to the construction of the main line and the Lake Superior branch.

* * *

IN the sudden death of William Wylie at his home in Edmonton the other day, there passed from the scene of northern activities a man who spent 46 years of his life practically isolated from civilization in the great wilds of the Athabasca district. Up to September last Mr. Wylie had been for all those years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Chipweyan. At the present time there is only one white man, Timothy Gaudette, of Fort Good Hope, who has lived longer in the north than he. So fond did he become of the isolated life that he rarely left the post. This fall he went to Winnipeg, but could not live there, and returned to Edmonton with the intention, it is believed, of returning to Fort Chipweyan in the spring if death had not terminated his career.

This old settler was a Scotchman, and Dr. Mackay, of Edmonton, a retired Hudson's Bay physician said of him: "I never knew a finer man, nor one with a keener sense of honesty." When he arrived at Edmonton last September, mention was made of him on this page, for up to that time he had never seen a steam car or a telephone, and could not imagine such a thing as an automobile. He lived a strange life, did this honest worker, but he was one of our nation-builders.

Come West, Bliss Carman.

BLISS Carman, you'd better come west:

You say you're tired of the things you do,
The streets you walk, and the songs you sing,
And your soul's in need of a dry shampoo.

You've said that you ache for elbow-room,
For a look at the stars at least;
You've said you're tired of the poppycock
And pink tea air of the east.

Come out where the plains go rolling west
From the lakes to the Rockies' peaks,
Where the soul of the wheatland sings at dusk,
And the voice of the prairie speaks.

Come out where there's song to be sung again,
Where Youth and To-day rejoice:
You need the wine of the West in you—
And the West, it needs a voice.

—John Arbuthnott, in January Canada West.

Clerk—But you just bought this novel and paid for it. Customer—Yes. Clerk—Then why do you wish to return it? Customer—I read it while waiting for my change.—Cleveland Leader.

Augustus—Hallo, old man, how are you, and how are your people, and all that sort of silly rot?—London Globe.

Singing in English

A Prominent Sirger Declares That we Ought to Have Better English Singing and More of It.

SO nearly universal is the wretched fashion in which the English language is sung by English-speaking singers that "the public is convinced that the fault lies with the language and not with the singers themselves." But Mr. Francis Rogers, a prominent American singer, who says this, begs the "dear and long-suffering public" not to be "imposed upon any longer." If the words that a singer is supposed to be uttering cannot be understood, Mr. Rogers would have us believe that the fault is entirely the singer's, not the hearer's nor that of the "common language." The old saying that "He who says well, sings well," has a converse. "The singer who cannot say his words intelligibly and beautifully doesn't know how to sing." These things are said by Mr. Rogers, in Scribners for January, apropos of the announcement that this year the long-standing rule of operas in foreign tongues will be broken by some experiments in English. The conditions we have long "put up with" he sees in this light:

"The patience of the American public is proverbial, and nowhere is this patience more strikingly exemplified than in our fashionable opera-houses. Only a patient and bewildered public would year after year, listen to operas sung in languages which, for the most part, they do not understand, when, by the assertion of their plain rights, they could hear them sung in the vernacular. The book of an opera means a great deal to its composer, and it ought to mean at least something to the public. It is not enough to have a vague knowledge of the plot: one should be able to follow the dialogue. Mr. Mahler has proved in his conducting of some of the great Wagner operas that a properly controlled orchestra does not drown the singers' voices. Of last season's cast of 'Tristan and Isolde,' at the Metropolitan, three of the principal singers, Fremstad, Homer and Blass, are Americans; if the opera had been sung in a good English translation, how much more thoroughly the great mass of the public would have enjoyed the beauties of this masterpiece of composition! In all the great opera-houses of continental Europe one hears only the language of the country, and foreign singers are not engaged until they have mastered it. We certainly have the right to exact a similar capacity from our high-priced foreign songsters. It is only laziness on their part, and unadmirable patience on ours, which delays this desideratum."

So long as we treat music as an "exotic art, holding it at arm's length," avers Mr. Rogers, so long we, as a nation, will "continue to be unmusical (even though we may merit the name of music-lovers), and creatively of no account at all in the eyes of the great musical world." Mr. Rogers addresses himself with spirit to the charge that our language is "unmelodious, ill-adapted to musical uses, and unsingable." He says:

"Against this too generally accepted explanation I wish to protest most emphatically. We have a poetic literature of marvellous richness. Only the Germans can lay claim to a lyric wealth as great as ours. The language we inherit is an extraordinarily rich one. A German authority credits it with a vocabulary three times as large as that of its nearest competitor, German, and ten times as large as that of French, the poorest, in number of words, of all the great languages. With such an enormous fund of words to choose from it seems as if we not only should be able to express our thoughts with unparalleled exactness and subtlety, but also with unequalled variety of sound. Further, it is probable that English surpasses the other three great languages, of song, German Italian and French, in number of distinguishable vowel sounds, but in questions of ear authorities usually differ, and it is hazardous to claim in this an indubitable supremacy. It seems certain, however, that English has rather more than twice as many vowel sounds as Italian (the poorest language in this respect), which has only seven or eight.

"Again, it is asserted that the sound of English is unmelodious because of its many consonants, but we are no richer in consonants than the Germans, and German is accepted as a suitable vehicle for song. Furthermore, a richness and variety in consonant sounds add to the vocal expressiveness of a language, as the best German singers have amply proved. Italian is the easiest language in which to sing, because it contains the fewest vowels and consonants, and, for the same reason, is, despite certain obvious beauties, the most limited in its range. It is easy to illustrate the beauty of our mother-tongue, considered merely as sound. I quote a few lines from four standard poets, chosen almost at random. Their indisputable loveliness is owing in very large part to the richness, beauty and grouping of the consonant sounds.

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.

—Shakespeare.

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

—Keats.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass.

—Tennyson.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

—Henley.

"These lines are, I grant, hard to read well, and still harder to sing, but the difficult is not the impossible, and the singer who can deliver skilfully such verbal beauties as these has at his command a choice of exquisite effects of sound such as he could obtain from no French or Italian sources."

"PORTER!" Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small Scottish station.

"Yessir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Weel, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. "She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get *that* at Perth!"—banging it so lustily that all the contents scattered over the pavement. "Weel, sir, if she be goin' farther than Perth, she'll nae do whatever!"

IN the year 1707 William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courier," says that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and, having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."

"Young man," said Mr. Bluffkins, "when I was your age I always stood at the head of my class." "Well," answered the fearfully precocious boy, "maybe teachers were easier to fool then than they are now."—Washington Star.

"A man recently found nine pearls in an oyster stew, but the hot milk had ruined their value." "These get-rich-quick schemes never pan out. Now if he had found nine oysters, he would have had something."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Evolution of the White Waist

'Tis a far cry indeed, from the original white "shirt waist" of a decade ago, and the White Waist "creation" of to-day.

The White Waist has developed—until to-day, it occupies a place of primary importance in Milady's wardrobe, and is worn at the theatre, and for semi-formal day and evening wear generally—as well as occupying still, its more modest place as a useful article of apparel in the home.

Keeping in mind, then, the importance of the White Waist, it is but fitting that it should take a leading part in our January Sale, and the coming week in our Waist Department is set aside for a special White Waist offering. The lines include:

Fine Linens with hand-embroidered fronts.
Mulls and Batistes, with Lace insertion.
All-over Embroidery Waists.
All-over Lace, draped on White Silk.
White Net over White Silk.

The more expensive are, of course, imported—but we also show many very handsome effects that are the product of our own expert needle-women.

Altogether, the display is a most interesting one, comprising as it does, every variety of White Waist known to the Dressmaker's Art, from the severely simple, unadorned garment, to the most highly ornate.

Special stress is, of course, laid upon the newer modes, features of which are, the high collar, and Directoire sleeve.

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Lady Gay's Column

WHAT'S nobody's business is apt to be neglected, and it's easier to shrug the shoulders and remark, "Well, it's not my business to look after it," than to make an effort to have a wrongdoing changed to right. One of the wrong things which is being continually brought to my ears, and sometimes eyes as well, is the method in vogue in this city by the police of making arrests. It's not the fault of the police, but it's somebody's fault, and one cannot help making a guess! When a policeman as big as a house comes down Simcoe Street with a half inebriated female as big as a mouse in his paw, you'd think he had things pretty much his own way, wouldn't you? He props the little termagant against the call box and rings up a call for the hurry-up van. So far so good! But the hurry-up van belies its name, and takes twenty minutes to get from Court to Simcoe Street, and in that twenty minutes there are doings in Simcoe Street. The lady who is to ride in the van gives an open air performance which fades the worst act of the worst show ever produced in Toronto to a pure white. Of course we shut our windows at the first yap which she gives, and hear no more about her. But it's not because we hear or don't hear her awful remarks, her swearing, her impossible jeers and abuses of the guardian of her liberty, or don't see her pallid or crimson face, her unkempt hair, her disordered dress, her abject and revolting condition, that I am writing upon so unsavory a theme. It is because she always draws an audience. Last Sunday it was a crowd, and because many of her audience are boys and girls' and little tots of children, and young fellows who shout with laughter if she succeeds in rousing even the policeman to retort or remonstrance. These little girls and boys stand drinking in all the degrading, maudlin or furious utterances of this dreadful creature, and having heard what no decent person could listen to without horror, they crowd about the van when it arrives, and laugh at her vain efforts to resist being bundled into it, and her curses as it drives away. These little children are thus brutalized time after time, while the policeman holds his prisoner in the open street and the van comes when it gets good and ready! When a man is arrested, there is rarely the performance which draws the crowd; it is the woman whom they scamper out to see and to hear, and she gives them the fullest measure of vile language, the worst spectacle of degradation the heart could desire. On Sunday last while the authorities were saying their prayers in some fine sanctuary, this open air performance was going on, and what I am wanting to know is cannot anybody who cares for the little children down town guard against its continuance? Would it cost such a lot to provide a shelter beside the telephone box into which a woman could be put while the van didn't come? I'm a great believer in shutting the door before the horse is stolen, in keeping little children from such sounds and sights as destroy their purity of thought and speech and respect for womanhood. Do you shrug your shoulders and say it's not worth bothering about, and at all events the authorities should look after it? That's just what the other fellow said, good gossip!

✻

There has been a lot said and written about the man who put his wife out of this life by continuous abuse and people are demanding his life to even things up. I know nothing of the provocation which he is apparently not saying anything about, but I have often wondered that men exercise the self-control and kindness they do, and don't oftener take the old-fashioned method of relieving themselves of the torture of the tongue that ceaseth not and the whine that is not quenched. Even in that stage portrayal of what the author of the play calls the meanest man alive, "Paid in Full," that poor creature had some of my sympathy from the moment the curtain rolled up and displayed him rigged out in a kitchen apron, doing the after dinner tidying up. I wanted that curtain to come down again until he got the apron off, anyhow! And all through the play he held my sympathy bad and mean and wicked and cowardly as he was, because I'd seen him in that old apron, having his troubles with the dust tray and the carpet sweeper. Why one healthy woman couldn't look after one little Harlem flat, without making a jinny dishcloth of her husband, was what I wanted to know. There were no babies (it was a Harlem flat), but there were some wife's relations, a furious mother-in-law and her impudent daughter, and of course there was trouble. The man was a skunk, no doubt, but he really never had a chance to be anything else. And so, the play to me was a misfit, the moral was squint-eyed, and the man in the apron had my first and final sympathies.

✻

His wife told him, when she bid him that contemptible farewell, that he'd never been honest, and would always be a thief. He wasn't a nice man, but she showed the worst taste in the world telling him so. Besides no one has the right to say such a thing to any other one because they are disgusted enough to think so. You or I may not steal sixteen thousand dollars, we may do something infinitely worse. Whatever we do or don't do, let us never have the temerity to brand a brother or sister as hopeless, because that confesses our own deplorable littleness and lack of grasp of the truth that there is more good than evil, more sweet than bitter, more love than hate in human nature and more patience than we can conceive of in whatever power rules our destinies, and more liability than otherwise, that in the end we shall all make good.

✻

England, in winter, has its drawbacks, and one wonders how long people over there will turn up the nose of scorn at our system of heating. I have just had a letter from a lady in the south of England, who tells me of the large house in which she is stopping, where twelve fires are going and a ton and a half of coal burned daily, and even with that amount of combustion the large drawingroom is only up to 50 degrees. The cosy sky-parlor seemed very comfortable after reading that letter, and one wide window has been wide open all day. This sort of thing, of course, makes life easier for poor folks, and one must comfort oneself with that reflection, but one longs for the bright frosty clear days which seem to have been scared away by the emigration agents or the railway companies. There is nothing so glorious as a fine clear winter day in Canada, when the snow has fallen deep and been frozen to a crust, when the bells are ringing, the air fairly charged with oxygen, and the blood mounting to cheeks and lips is the color it never is in the muggy, mild weather. Then one feels the joy of living as one never can in less inspiring climes. Then the deep night blue of the arch is hung with big stars that are stars, and the soft moccasin hugs the light foot, and the snowshoe rests like a butterfly on the crusted snow, and we tramp and laugh and rest and tramp on again, ten, twenty years younger by reason of the real Canadian weather at which stupid folk and half-baked foreigners are casting stones. It's cold, it's healthy, it's exhilarating, and it breeds men and women worthy of their land.

✻

Three letters have come to this column, one asking for advice as to how the writer may get her stories and articles published. I hear there are literary agents who dispose of "most anything" in that line, and I trust my correspondent may get wind of them. Judging by her penmanship and expression she "has it in her," and may succeed. If I ever nail one of these agents I'll let you know, Serena, if you send me a stamped and addressed envelope. The second letter enquires what are to be the spring styles in dress and hats. You can search me, or rather, pardon the slang, you can enquire at the shops; it won't take you any longer than it would take me, and you'll get your news sooner. And the third letter wants to know if I consider it wrong to sue a man for breach of promise. Well, it's not wrong, O lady from Beeton! but I think I'd not proclaim the fact that I'd been left. Get your spirit up and go after another.

LADY GAY.

My Home.

YOU think my home is up the street
In that big house with lots of steps,
All worn in places by our feet
With tracks that look like mine and Jep's.

You think it's where I always eat
Where I can find my spoon and bowl,
My napkin folded clean and neat—
And milk and sometimes jelly-roll.

You think it's where I always sleep
Where I get in my puffy bed
And fall right in a comfy heap
Some nights before my prayers are said.

But that's not home—just roof and walls—
A place like anybody buys,
With shiny floors and stairs and halls—
My home is in my mother's eyes.

—Aileen Cleveland Higgins, in Harper's Weekly.

The Attic Instinct

THE attic instinct hangs on surprisingly, and an observing eye can tell how many years a person has lived in the city by merely glancing under her bed. If there are three hat boxes one will contain letters, one scraps of ribbons and laces—if it's a man it's newspaper clippings—and one anything from a broken lock to old road maps. If besides these there are bundles of magazines and piles of newspapers, not to mention a bicycle seat and a green umbrella that one might use in private theatricals—if all these things have been placed under the bed against the protests of the family, if they are patiently moved every cleaning-day and clung to through a moving, then their owners have the attic instinct to such an extent that there is not the slightest hope of their ever being cured. They will think from an attic point of view for the rest of their lives, and their family might as well become resigned.

When people are willing to make themselves disagreeable over a bit of string, and absolutely objectionable on the subject of stray pieces of brown paper, they should not be accused of having bad dispositions, nor should they be suspected of doing it to annoy one; they are merely suffering from the attic instinct and cannot help themselves. It is hereditary, it proves that they had ancestors. It is a thoroughly respectable quality. Such people will fill every vase with useless things they are incapable of throwing away. They are irresistibly attracted to old gas-tips, bent nails, and corners that came off "something." They will, in a hall bedroom, preserve all the "nice boxes" that come into their possession. If they are living in a small room with another person, that person can suffer all the discomforts in the calendar, but they will, with their dying gasp, retain three-year-old Easter cards because "now some day some child will like these."

Their characters were formed, and have now hardened, for a scheme of life where certain things were always kept in the cellar, others in the woodshed, others in the pantry and the cupboard on the first floor, still others in the closets on the next floor, and everything and anything that overflowed from any of these places was just taken up to the attic. And now these poor dear souls live with a cellar, three stories, and an attic still lodged in their minds, and, though they will in time disappear, like all unnecessary members—seventh toe, tails, an appendix—in the meantime they are having trouble with them, they are suffering and fighting for them, and it takes a serious operation to remove so much as one scrap-book if the owner thinks he may like to read it over in his old age.

A modern young thing who was conceived and planned for a flat can tear up her own and her grandmother's love-letters without a sigh merely because she hasn't room for them. She eliminates everything from her life except what will go in a small hand-bag and a steamer trunk, and then, gazing at those of the last generation with a cold, orderly eye, she gives them clearly enunciated convincing reasons why it is folly to have "associations" with old pin-cushions and hand-painted satin banners. She is a horror to her parents, and stray corners know her to be pitiless.

It is one of the characteristics of the confirmed atticer that she sees no reason why human beings should not be made uncomfortable in the holy cause of preserving "your aunt Sara's wedding-dress and your grandfather's school-books." She takes one of the seven rooms of the apartment for a storeroom—this sends one member of the family to sleep in the sitting-room; she fills all the top shelves of all the closets; she "just slips" a pile of things into your bottom drawer, and when the apartment is bulging every one consents to being blind and inconvenienced in order that "she" may feel she still has an attic. Not that the head of the house for a moment thinks she is incommoding any one; she is merely finding places for the necessities, and the oddity and number of her necessities prove the tenacity of the attic instinct. If a quilt that was made by "Hetty Samson—she married a Wilbur, one of George Wilbur's sons, and lived next to the Unitarian church on Main street"—is ruined by an unhappy chance, the person who had treasured that quilt goes to bed for the day and abandons herself to uncontrolled grief.

Lately in front of two distinct second-hand shops have been seen two different cradles, and the sight was a good deal of a shock. Both cradles were scratched by gently-rocking feet, there were some fine dents made by lustily manipulated rattles, and the coats of varnish were countless, telling of trips made to the attic, the cradles being hauled out and carried down stairs on some one's shoulder, with an evening of renovation following, sweetened by a discussion of possible names. With such histories clinging to them these cradles lay exposed on the pavement, subject to barter and trade, hobnobbing with chromos and mechanical rocking-chairs. The puzzle as to how they got there, the marvelling at the idea of some one selling the contents of her attic, of disturbing the sacred dust, and calling in the profaning secondhand man, blended with the exciting idea that if any one, having just finished a country house, was now about to stock her attic, here was a bargain, the chance of a lifetime, an attic necessity with which to begin.

If people have ever had a background, an enhancing shadow into which they faded (for the most part Americans are outlined with all the glare of a machine-made product), it is easy to understand that they would cling to it and carry about the things that symbolized it, even though they in time degenerated into bothersome, never-opened bundles. To have an attic atop of a house is like a cap on a gray head, and between the home with the attic and the house with the raftered billiard-room there is the same difference as between a curtsey and a curt nod. A place to tiptoe to, knowing your grandmother will call you back if she hears you on the attic stairs; a place where you find a lap organ quite broken and asthmatic, a lap organ that your great-grandfather used to sing his hymns to, and when he had worked himself into a frenzy he would write the sermons, in the rhetorical blue ink, that lie tied with red tape in the horse-hair trunk in the corner. If you do not find a nail-studded chest belonging to a seafaring uncle, then your attic is hardly worthy of the name. All proper families have had seafaring uncles who brought home shells—one still finds broken bits of them in the corner of the trunk—and, as a rule, they have left vigorous miniatures of themselves, showing their florid faces and their bright blue coats, with the top button so gallantly left undone, and their high stocks encircling their chins and giving them a magisterial good-humor. A red glass vase is at home in an attic, particularly if it has the comfort and companionship of a fire-screen. Photographs of indomitable-eyed, cadaverous-cheeked men and serene plump women fall from bundles of letters, and they gaze at you reprovingly as you discover their ages and love-affairs.

On the whole, with so dusty, so sentimental, so pleasant a source, one is brought to the conclusion that anything that flows from it must share its characteristics, and the pile of newspapers under the bed, being the lawful descendant of the attic, should be more tenderly borne with. As for the attic instinct itself, though excessively annoying, it must be borne with awhile longer, for a disappearing tail, no matter how embarrassing it might be at moments, would inevitably remind one that though one had dangled, one had, after all, dangled most enjoyably and in extremely good company.—Harper's Weekly.

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Starting the New Year Right

With the commencement of the New Year the "turning-over-new-leafs'-season" is fully inaugurated. The mistakes of 1908 will be avoided in 1909—and in many ways the careful ones will resolve, more than ever before, to get the best and most for their money.

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The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to the "WHITE HORSE" Whisky belonging to Mackie & Co'y. Distillers, Ltd., Islay and Glasgow. It was only last month this old-established firm were honoured with the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

Husband—Well, what did the phrenologist say about Willie's head? Wife—Nothing. He simply sighed and handed me my money back! Husband—Just as I expected—he's going to be a poet!—Puck.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work." "So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Subscribers may send names to the Conductor, 12 Pembroke street.

On Tuesday evening next Mr. H. Snowden Ward, F.R.P.S., of London, England will give his popular pictorial lecture, "The Marvels of Photography," at Association Hall, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Ward has been for years a member of the Council of the Royal Photographic Society, and is President of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom. This lecture was first prepared for the Royal Victoria and Albert Institute, Windsor, on which occaston Sir William Herschel, F.R.S., said that it formed the best popular exposition he had ever heard of a scientific subject. Mr. Ward uses over 100 stereopticon pictures, of unique interest. A partial synopsis of the lecture is as follows: The oldest photograph in existence, and some of the newest in natural colors. High speed photography—trotting horses, high divers, flying bees, hurdle-jumpers, and bullets in their flight from the gun. The infinitely little—photo-micrograms of some most beautiful objects; also of the bacilli of tuberculosis and anthrax, the germs of malaria in the stomach of a mosquito, etc. The infinitely great—details of the sun and moon; the milky way, showing myriads of stars, including many that the eye of man has never seen even with the most powerful telescopes, and photographed by light that has been travelling for thousands of years. Photography by night—interiors of theatres, lighted streets, a great conflagration, the beauties of the lightning flash. Photography in the detection of crime.

The reserved seat plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

Algy—Myrtle what are your objections to marrying me? Myrtle—I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA.

OH, what of the play and the players;
The author, the parts and the plot;
The setting, the faults and the fallings;
The clever or weak-seeming spot?
Is it written with skill or with humor?
Is it epigrammatic or dry?
It absorbed our attention so fully
We forgot little Who, Which and Why.
'Tis not a new theme that it brings us—
"War drama" has been here before—
But the strong and the faint true to life
does it paint
On the flame-colored background of war.

Though not in the guise of a sermon
It teaches a lesson, in truth.
In our sight is the fever of war-time
On the veteran, the soldier, the youth.
By the skill of a master of stagecraft
We are carried back over the years
To the sixties—and love—and Virginia,
A valley of blood and of tears.
We breathe of the spirit of Dixie
Which, beaten and crushed, yet arose
From the village and wood, staggered,
steadied and stood
Once more erect, facing the foes.

The struggle of duty and honor
'Gainst the promptings of friendship and
love;
The hunger, the rags, and the sickness;
The terror around and above;
The courage of those in the battle,
And the courage of those who must wait
With their prayers and their fears and
their sorrow,
Lest the stretcher be borne through the
gate;
The glittering fruit of the victor
With its ashes of death at the core,—
For a moment to-night have we knowledge aright
Of the price of the glory of war.

—Ashtar.

* * *

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS, who made her first stellar appearance here last season in "The Little Cherub," comes to the Princess Theatre on Thursday evening for a half week's engagement and Saturday's matinee, in "Fluffy Ruffles." "Fluffy Ruffles," which is modestly designated by Manager Charles Frohman as a musical melange, was written by John J. McNally, author of most of the Rogers Brothers successes. The music is by W. T. Francis, and the lyrics by Wallace Irwin.

The piece deals with the adventures of a young girl whose attractions are so potent that they interfere with her business career. Her millionaire uncle has offered her a fortune if she will hold one position for six months, and dashing Fluffy tries her best. She is in turn saleslady, telegraph operator, lady's maid, cashier, barmaid, and taxi-cab driver; but always she is followed by a crowd of admirers who interfere with her work and cause her dismissal. In the army of adorers there is one whose affections Fluffy reciprocates the Hon. Augustus Traddles. Fluffy misinterprets a scene between the Hon. Augustus and another woman, and, goaded to desperation, joins the Suffragette movement; and the curtain of the second act falls with Fluffy making a rousing speech against men in general. After many amusing complications and catchy song numbers, Fluffy makes the Hon. Augustus happy by accepting a life position as his wife, and at the same time claims the fortune from her uncle, because, in spite of all her apparent business failures, she has all the time been quietly holding a position as correspondent for a newspaper.

The story carries the characters from New York to London and thence to Paris, and Mr. Frohman has seen to it that the staging and costuming of the production are brilliant. In addition to Miss Williams, the company, which numbers seventy, includes William Norris, who was last seen in "Tom Jones;" Bert Leslie, formerly in vaudeville; John Bunny, who was last seen as Bottom in Annie Russell's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" Jack Gardner, who has been seen here with several Cohan productions; Marion Abbott, Nellie Butler, Josephine Drake, Marie Annis, Violet Heming, Mattie O'Brien, and other experienced players. The chorus is said to be a good one.

* * *

NEXT week at the Royal Alexandra Miss Hilda Spong, an English actress, will be the star in a new American play by H. R. Durant, entitled "A Man and his Mate," which, as far as can be learned, is one of the plays that are oftentimes described as "intense."

But it has a good deal of comedy, too, especially in the first two acts. And the comedy is said to be of the homely, spontaneous order. The author has given a new character to the stage. This is a high-caste Chinaman, educated at Yale, but serving in a menial position a woman whom he loves. It is not a comic character, but a serious one, intended to be heroic, and it ought to be interesting. Mr. Durant brings his play to a close with this figure alone holding the boards. The idea is unusual, and is said to be effective.

The play, as will readily be inferred, deals with a love problem.

Miss Spong plays an emotional role with a good deal of strength and a careful eye for detail, which adds much to her interpretation of a rather difficult part.

The members of the cast are as follows, and a number of the players will be recognized here: William Bonelli, Herbert Percy, Hugh Maitland, Chas. MacDonald, Frank Wunderlee, C. H. Carlton, Harry Seymour, Andy McKay, Mary Mallon, Magda Foy, Adelaide Cummings, Hilda Spong.

The scenic and electrical equipment is entirely new and very effective.

* * *

AT Shea's Theatre next week one of the biggest bills of the season will be offered, headed by the musical comedy star, Clara Belle Jerome, and company, presenting the latest vaudeville novelty, "Joyland."

HATTIE WILLIAMS.
The comic opera favorite, who comes to the Princess next week in "Fluffy Ruffles."

The special features for the week are Leddie Cliff, the English boy comedian; Willa Holt Wakefield, in her popular pianologue; and Edna Luby, the clever impersonator. Other acts on the bill are A. G. Kenyon and company, Kitamura Japs, Nelson and Nelson.

* * *

The dramatic event of the week has been the presentation of "The Warrens of Virginia," by an excellent company headed by Charlotte Walker and Frank Keenan, at the Royal Alexandra. It is a fascinating and delightful drama, delightfully presented. Miss Walker, who, by the way, is in private life, Mrs. Eugene Walter, wife of the brilliant young author of "Paid in Full," is charming in her delineation of the sweet southern girl, Agatha Warren. Her art is delicate in the extreme and her stage presence the personification of graciousness. We all hope to see much more of her in the future. Of Mr. Keenan's work in the role of old General Warren, the fine old southern soldier, at once gentle and tempestuous, it is hard to speak in measured terms of praise. It is fine and striking and entirely satisfying. If fault can be found with the play it is in the weakness of the character of Lieut. Burton, Agatha's northern lover. One is inclined to ask himself, or the friend who sits with him, Why such a lovely, spirited girl should cherish an undying love for such a colorless, characterless youth? The lesser roles are well taken, and Belasco has staged the drama with most praiseworthy attention to detail. The settings indeed are quite remarkable.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is one of the most pleasing plays we have seen for many a day.

* * *

The very diverting and really musical comic opera, "The Gay Musican," has been attracting large audiences to the Princess during the week. It made a decided hit here last September, and the return engagement has been quite as successful from every point of view.

Yankee View of Strathcona.

THE Outing Magazine of New York, in a department called "The People Who Stand for Plus," has this to say of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal:

Very few men reach their fiftieth year without any capital accumulated except experience and then, before they are seventy, gather together more millions than they can count. Such is the record of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, one of the richest men in England to-day, formerly Donald Smith of Red River, Manitoba. When about nineteen years of age, Donald Smith came out from Scotland a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company. He was sent to a lonely post in the bleak wilds of Labrador. There, he passed more than twenty years, cut off from all pleasure and companionship. In fact, Donald Smith could relate rare tales of midnights when he was wakened at Northwest River, Labrador, by wolves rummaging the house windows. Two or three times when he was in Labrador, the ambitious young Scotchman grew impatient at his lonely post, where there seemed no chance of promotion, and donning snowshoes, he coursed all the way down the wind-swept shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and St. Lawrence River to Montreal, where Sir George Simpson, the Canadian governor of the Company, resided out opposite Lachine Rapids; but the doughty little Sir George was unmerciful. When Donald Smith complained that his health was breaking under the long hard strain of the worst climate and worst fare in America, Sir George called in the doctor to examine the young chief factor. The doctor pronounced him sound, and back to Labrador went Smith.

Out of this life, finally, Donald Smith emerged close on his fiftieth year to become resident commissioner for the Company in Montreal at a salary of £1,500, a big figure for these days. Things seemed to be smiling on Donald Smith till the first Riel Rebellion of Half-breeds in Manitoba, or Red River. Then, Smith was sent West by the Canadian Government, ostensibly to pacify the Half-breeds, really with explicit but unwritten orders from John A. Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, to get Riel, the agitator, out of the country at any cost. The rights of the French Half-breeds had been ignored by Sir John's government. An election was coming on. Sir John could not afford to offend the French Province of Quebec by punishing Riel. Smith was verbally authorized to pay Riel as much as $10,000 to leave the country, and $10,000 was a cheap escape out of a hard dilemma for John A. After forty years of ineffectual effort, the statesmen of Canada had at last succeeded in inducing Quebec to join Confederation; but a puff of adverse criticism would have overthrown the poise of that delicate arrangement, and for the sake of Confederation John A. could not afford to take any risks about Riel.

HILDA SPONG
The English actress who will be seen in "A Man and His Mate," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

Donald Smith proceeded to Red River and succeeded in his mission. Riel fled the country; but John A.'s political foes had got wind of the secret and were prepared to work the bribery cry for all it was worth in the ultra-Protestant Province of Ontario. Smith had paid the $10,000 to Riel from Hudson's Bay Company funds. When he returned to Ottawa, a comical and furious scene ensued that is remembered yet by old-guard politicians of Canada. John A. dared not acknowledge his instructions about Riel. The Premier had taken the one drop too much on the morning that Donald Smith came down the corridors of the House towards his chief's private office. Insiders of the party gathered in groups and waited for the fun as the future Strathcona disappeared in the office. Things at once began to happen. There was a noise of furniture in a somewhat active state with a smashing of fists on desks. Then John A.'s voice was heard crescendo in those choice and hot epithets of which he was past master when he had that one drop too much and the little Scotchman bolted from the doors into the arms of his fellow countryman, Senator McMullin, gasping in broadest Scotch: "An awfu' mon! An awfu' mon! He hae dun naethin' but d—n me for this hour and more!" The Hudson's Bay Company docked $10,000 from Strathcona's salary—hard lines for a man, who thought he had earned an easy place; but at this very moment, the turn came to the tide. On his way through St. Paul to Red River, Smith came in contact with Jim Hill, traffic manager of a small bankrupt road, and Commodore Kittson, Pooh-bah of Minnesota. How these three with the co-operation of Hudson's Bay and Bank of Montreal officers raised money to buy the bankrupt road, and thereby laid the foundation of their own colossal fortune—all the world knows. When C.P.R. stock was rated at its lowest in the 40's and 50's, Strathcona's fortune was estimated at seventeen millions. To-day, C.P.R. is three times that old figure. Strathcona besides holds some thirty millions in Hill stocks, and is the heaviest shareholder in both the Bank of Montreal and Hudson's Bay stocks.

After all, that $10,000 quarrel with Sir John didn't hurt him much.

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MUSIC

THE Musician for January has a symposium on American choral societies which is based on the letters received from the most prominent choral conductors on the continent. This is the first question asked: "Is the interest in choral music keeping pace with that in other forms of music—that is, opera and orchestra?" Judging from the subscription lists that have been turned in, choral music is more than holding its own in Toronto.

The National Chorus gives the first series of the season, in Massey Hall, Monday and Tuesday evenings, with the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra. The first concert is devoted to British composers, and will be especially notable for the first performance of Elgar's "First Symphony," which has been very well received in Manchester, where it was originally performed under Hans Richter, London and New York. Mr. Damrosch has the performing rights for America, and is making it the feature of his tour. He will also play Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," for which no other programme than the name is needed. Elgar also has a place among the choral numbers with "Land of Hope and Glory," the other composers being Cowen, whose cantata, "He giveth His Beloved Sleep," will be sung; and Bridge, "The Flag of England;" and Leslie, "Lullaby of Life." Miss Keyes, contralto, and Miss Davies, soprano, will be the soloists. On the programme of the second concert are two numbers in compositions by Mendelssohn, "Thanks be to God" from "Elijah" and "The Italian Symphony," which will be played in commemoration of the centenary of his birth. Miss Keyes and Mr. Saslavsky, violinist, will be the soloists.

The first of the Mendelssohn Choir cycle of concerts next month will bring to a hearing two of the most beautiful purely orchestral and choral works respectively of the composer from whom the chorus has taken its name. In "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and in the splendid a capella motet in eight parts, "Psalm Forty-Three," two popular works have been chosen which represent in a striking manner the superlative genius of the composer in both orchestral and choral music. These will be presented, almost to a day, on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn. Concerning the singing of the "Forty-third Psalm" by the Mendelssohn Choir, Mr. Richard Aldrich, one of the most authoritative critics in New York, said: "Mr. Vogt has accomplished marvellous things in bringing the chorus to such a high state of perfection. . . . In the unison passages in the Mendelssohn Psalm, the parts were sung as by a single voice, the phrasing and enunciation were as clear as if a single voice were doing it."

It seems as if it were yesterday when the news of the triumph of Dr. Vogt and his choir was flashed back to us from New York. And it was a marvellous triumph when they established a standard that has lasted down to the present time, and which no other body of singers has even remotely approached. I know of no other chorus that could cope with the enormous technical difficulties in Hugo Wolf's "The Mad Fire Rider," but the members of the Mendelssohn seem to crave the impossible, and then learn it so thoroughly that it is done with the deceptive ease that a great virtuoso disposes of the Brahms' "Concerto" "against" the violin.

Elgar dominates the programme of the third concert with his "Caractacus" for solo, chorus and orchestra, and his concert overture, "Cockaigne." Thursday night will be an extra to accommodate those who failed to get tickets for the other nights. At all these concerts the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago, will assist. The final concert on Saturday night will be devoted to unaccompanied works, and will also be the Toronto debut for a very brilliant young pianiste, Miss Augusta Cottlow, who has been tremendously successful at every appearance this season.

* * *

GLOWING accounts are received of the continued success of the Pittsburg Orchestra under Mr. Paur, at home and in Cleveland and Buffalo. I consider Emil Paur one of the most wonderfully equipped musicians in the world. No one who heard the performance of the "Choral Symphony" under his baton will ever forget it. This season he is astonishing even his warmest admirers with his skill as a programme-maker, and his Toronto appearances at the Schubert Choir concerts in February will prove a revelation. He is thoroughly happy, and his happiness is reflected in the playing of the band he has gathered around him, which one enthusiastic writer called "the regenerated Pittsburg Orchestra."

The success of last season's concerts have given the Schubert Choir a sense of confidence that will carry this fine chorus a long way toward the goal Mr. Fletcher has set for it. One could paraphrase the Kipling story, "The Ship That Found Itself," and make a history of the work Mr. Fletcher and the choir have done together. We may be glad that Boughton's "King Arthur had Three Sons" is on the programme this year. I enjoyed it very much last year, and I enjoyed it very much when I heard the Sheffield Choir do it this fall, but I thought that Mr. Fletcher got more out of it than Dr. Coward did, and I want to verify my recollection. Another acceptable number is Mozart's "King Thamos." In a letter to his father, Jan. 15, 1783, Mozart regretted that owing to the failure of the drama for which it was written his music would probably never be heard again, and now we have it announced for performance. Before the concerts I shall go more into detail regarding this work on which the Schubert Choir is working so earnestly. In keeping with his policy, Mr. Fletcher has covered a wide range in making up his programmes, and has fired his singers with his own zeal. And after all it is enthusiastic hard work that counts in music as in everything else.

* * *

IN fulfilment of my promise last week, I am giving a short account of Smetana's string quartette, "Aus meinem Leben." Although a Bohemian by birth, Smetana had been forced to leave his native land and seek an asylum in Germany, where he held an important post. In 1860 an imperial decree restored to the Bohemians some of their liberties, and, like a true patriot, he resigned his post in Germany and returned to Prague to lead the national musical renascence. In the midst of his labors he was afflicted by an occasional whistling in his right ear. This grew rapidly worse, and soon the buzzing and whistling became constant, so that he heard the A flat major chord of the sixth in a high position. This was his own diagnosis, and the quartette in E minor is the autobiographical record. In the finale is a long drawn E which is a premonition of the calamity that befell him in 1874, when he became totally deaf and then insane. He worked on as long as he could, and died in a mad-house in 1884.

This is one of the numbers on the programme of the Toronto String Quartette for the concert on the 22nd inst. in Conservatory Hall. At the last appearance of the Quartette, before the Women's Morning Musical Club, the audience was most enthusiastic. Mr. Blachford and his colleagues have won a deservedly high place in the esteem of music lovers wherever they have appeared, and have been in great demand.

* * *

This afternoon at four, Mr. Wheeldon will present a fine programme in the Metropolitan church. The opening number is the "Overture to Thomas' Mignon," and he will also play Dudley Buck's "Variations on the Last Rose of Summer" and Luigini's "Voices of the Bells." He will have the assistance of Miss Madeline Carter, who is one of the sincerest artistes in Toronto. Miss Carter not only has a good voice and temperament, but she also has high ideals and the perseverance to strive to attain them.

* * *

MR. WELSMAN made a flying trip to New York to hear Mischa Elman and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Welsman agrees with the New York critics in pronouncing Elman's tone the most beautiful that has been heard. His playing of the difficult Brahms "Concerto" makes one lose sight of its difficulties, for at no time does his tone suffer because of the technical exigencies. He plays the Tschaikowsky "Concerto" as one would expect a cultured, well-drilled Russian to play it—brilliantly and emotionally, but always with due regard for the canons of pure art. He never tears a passion to tatters and he is never pedantic. He is poise personified. Mr. Welsman hopes to have the Tschaikowsky "Concerto" on the programme when Elman appears with The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, March 25.

* * *

Negotiations are pending to bring the Ben Greet Company and The Russian Symphony Orchestra, under whose auspices Elman made his American debut, to Toronto some time in March for a few performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the Mendelssohn music. This has been one of the most successful productions that Mr. Greet has made, even rivalling "Everyman." The New York critics gave it unstinted praise, and the out-of-town critics have been equally lavish. I hope to have some definite news as to this for next Saturday's issue.

* * *

Miss Mabel Beddoe, a beautiful and talented Canadian girl who is spending the winter with her parents in Toronto, recovering from an illness induced by overwork, had some remarkable experiences while in Germany, among them being the privilege of an audition by Sigfried Wagner, after which he told her that, while he did not think that she had a decided talent for the stage, he recommended a role for her to study and asked her to sing for him again whenever she is ready. As Miss Beddoe has no histrionic aspirations this was not at all discouraging but on the contrary quite flattering. She also gained the friendship of Siegfried Ochs, whom she calls the A. S. Vogt of Germany, who assisted her in many ways, passing arias with her and advising her in her studies.

* * *

Mr. Tripp has made an excellent start in his work at Varsity. He won the esteem of the men at the first rehearsal, and started a wave of enthusiasm that promises well for the future. His experience abroad and with the Toronto Male Chorus Club fit him for the work, and with his personality—and personality is a potent factor in such undertakings—the Varsity Choral Union will soon be another chorus for us to be proud of.

* * *

Mr. Marley Sherris, choirmaster of the Carlton street Methodist Church, has taken a studio at the Bell Piano Warerooms for Saturday afternoons. Mr. Sherris is one of the most artistic singers we have, and, judging from his success as choirmaster, should make an excellent teacher.

* * *

It was with regret that Mr. W. Gordon Mills, the organist and choirmaster of Cooke's Presbyterian Church, was compelled by ill-health to resign his position. I hope that his retirement from active musical work will not be permanent.

* * *

The Waterloo News of a recent date gives great praise to some Toronto musicians who gave a recital there: Miss Lillian E. Willcocks, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. D. E. Kilgour, violinist, and Mrs. J. B. Hall, (Miss Ethel Sherris) and Miss Emma L. Bean. Miss Willcocks was equally successful in her vocal and piano numbers. Mrs. Kilgour was highly commended for her solos and for the obligato to one of Miss Willcocks' numbers. Mrs. Hall's beautiful contralto voice gained her a warm reception and hearty applause. She and Miss Willcocks were also praised for their duets. Miss Bean as accompaniste shared the honors with the soloists.

* * *

Mr. H. Whorlow Bull, the conductor of the Windsor and Walkerville Choral Society, has sent me an announcement of the next concert at which "The Messiah" will be presented. The chorus numbers one hundred and fifty. Mr. Hugo Kalsow is the leader of the orchestra, and Miss Irene Whittaker is the organist. The solos will be taken by Mrs. Roy Arthur Littlefield, Miss Winnifred Parker, Mr. Thornton D. Urquhart and Mr. Bull. Thursday, the 21st inst. is the date chosen for the concert. It is always a pleasure on this page to give publicity to all out-of-town happenings that show the spirit of striving for the best in art.

MELOS.

Plans for reserved seats at $2.00, $1.50, and $1.00 for the National Chorus concerts are now open at Massey Hall.

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Miss Edith Worden, L.R.A.M., of London, England, who has just lately taken up her residence in Toronto, has just accepted a position in Havergal College as resident pianoforte teacher.

MME. MARCHESI, who is to give a song recital at Massey Hall on Monday night, January 25, in conjunction with Miss Gertrude Huntley, the brilliant Canadian pianist, has the reputation of being both intellectual and handsome. Her knowledge of French, German, English, and Italian literature is as deep as her insight into the music of those nations. This more than her vocal equipment, great though it is, makes her singing in whatever language it may be, authorative. Mme. Marchesi's fine interpretation has made her recitals of much interest to students and teachers, as well as to

music lovers in general. The critic of the New York Herald touched on this point. The simplicity of which he speaks, and which seemed to him to conceal the artist, teaches a lesson in art and has made Mme. Marchesi's concerts of great value to both the old and new world. The Herald said: "Possibly, too, there were a good many music teachers in the audience bent upon acquiring the Marchesi method at the price of a ticket. Apparently these enthusiasts forgot that the truest art is the art which simply produces results, and that when a work of art is well done, one cannot see how it is done. And so, when Mme. Marchesi began to sing, she simply sang. Anyone who went to her concert expecting vocal tricks and pyrotechnics must have been sadly disappointed. You simply saw a handsome woman who came forward with a quiet dignity, that other artists might well copy, and sang well. As to how she did it there was not the slightest apparent clue, any more than there is in the singing of Mme. Melba, Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Eames, or Mme. Nordica. She sang—that is all."

Reservations and subscriptions are now being received by the management of Massey Hall.

Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian pianist, has become not merely one of the critics' favorites, but he is a popular idol, and is one of the few pianists who can fill Carnegie Hall, New York, on every occasion he appears there. This is his third tour of America in four years, but Toronto is usually so backward in recognizing the new stars of the musical firmament that he has not hitherto appeared here. However, among all piano lovers his reputation is known, and there will probably be a better response than might have been expected on January 29 at Massey Hall. The sale of seats begins on Monday week, Jan. 25.

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Feb. 18th - - - - - Miss Thomas. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Feb. 25th. - - Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Browning Readings.
Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th - - - Mrs. Scott Raff. "Irish Drama."
These lectures are on Thursday evenings at 8.15, with the exception of Dr. Burton's which comes on Saturday evening, Jan. 30th. Course tickets (ten admissions) $3.00; Single admission 50c. Phone North 4544.

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Snow.

WHITE are the far-off plains, and white
The fading forests grow;
The wind dies out along the height
And denser still the snow.
A gathering weight on roof and tree,
Falls down scarce audibly.

The road before me smooths and fills
Apace, and all about
The fences dwindle, and the hills
Are blotted slowly out;
The naked trees loom spectrally
Into the dim white sky.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams
Lie still without a sound;
Like some soft minister of dreams
The snowfall hoods me round;
In wood and water, earth and air,
A silence everywhere.

Save when at lonely intervals
Some farmer's sleigh urged on,
With rustling runners and sharp bells,
Swings by me and is gone;
Or from the empty waste I hear
A sound remote and clear.

The barking of a dog or call
To cattle, sharply pealed,
Borne echoing from some wayside stall
Or barnyard far afield;
Then all is silent, and the snow
Falls settling soft and slow.

The evening deepens, and the grey
Folds closer earth and sky;
The world seems shrouded far away;
Its noises sleep, and I,
As secret as yon buried stream,
Plod dumbly on, and dream.

—Archibald Lampman.

ANECDOTAL

THE Prescott correspondent of The Toronto News tells this story:

At a regular Sunday service held recently in a rural church in this vicinity, the congregation was asked for a liberal collection for a special purpose. While the collection was being taken up the choir sang the hymn entitled, "I Surrender All." On perceiving that the entire collection amounted to only 34 cents the pastor stopped the singing of the hymn, saying that he could not permit them to go on singing what was so obviously untrue.

* * *

SINCE the black pugilist Johnson "put away" our Canadian-grown champion, Tommy Burns, we have heard a lot about the hardness of the negro's head, which, according to common belief, is capable of standing almost any blow.

The following story would seem to indicate something of the kind anyhow. Two negro men were employed in tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them.

When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head.

Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, nigger, you make me bite my tongue."

* * *

CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri, who succeeds John Sharp Williams as leader of the Democrats in the U. S. House of Representatives, loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson of Indiana, called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.

* * *

"SO you are just back from a circular tour of the Mediterranean, including Egypt and the Nile. Well, well!"

The speaker was George Ade. Shaking the hand of the brown young farmer he went on.

"I know the sort of conversation you heard over there—in Egypt, say. Listen and I'll tear off a yard or two. It ran like this:

"'Isn't it lovely? Cleopatra lived here, and Moses and Pharaoh. It makes your head swim, doesn't it?'

"'I guess it's the bad air. It hurts my head, too. Is that the Nile?'

"'Look at the crocodile basking in the sun.'

"'Gee, there's the Sphinx!'

"'And that must be the desert. But I don't see any caravans.'

"'No. How provoking!'

"'Isn't it nice to travel on a railroad where they don't have any soot?'

"'Yes, and do you notice the balmy, spicy smell? What can it be? I'll ask the brakeman. Brakeman!'

"'Yes, madam?'

"'Where does that spicy smell come from?'

"'From the engine, ma'am. We don't use nothing but mummies for fuel on this here line.'"

* * *

SIR Henry Johnston, the African explorer, praised in Washington the innumerable and superb American golf courses.

"I never saw anything like it," said he, "and I have but one fault to find. You permit too many persons to promenade your links as though they were public parks. This is very annoying and also very dangerous.

"These promenaders are often extremely ignorant of golf. It was here in Washington, I believe, that a player overheard two of them conversing.

"'What,' said a young lady promenader, 'is that man with the club shouting "Fore" for?'

"Her companion, another young lady, answered:

"'I suppose that is the number of times he has missed the ball. And doesn't he seem annoyed about it, too?'"

THIS story was recently told about Will Sellery, a comedian, who was with the Imperial Opera Company for a time during its engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre here:

Sellery had been in the laugh-producing business for some time before his own family, then living in Detroit, had a chance to see him act. At last it came, for Sellery was playing a week in Detroit, taking a low comedy part of a policeman. His father, mother and two sisters went to see. After it was over his sister turned to her father. "What did you think of Will, daddy?" she asked.

Sellery, senior, was not at all appreciative.

"Huh! He made a fool of himself. Why, the folks were laughing at him all evening."

It is only fair to the comedian to add that his father is Scotch.

Now The Kincardine Review adds this comment to the anecdote:

"It is too bad to spoil this story, but the fact is that his father, John Sellery, of Kincardine, never saw his son act until one day a week or so ago, when he went to Toronto for that purpose."

* * *

IT was little Dora's first trip on the ocean, and the water kept on going see-saw and slip-side, and heave-ho, and all sorts of uncomfortable, disagreeable things; so that little Dora began to get a little giddy, and dazed, and tired, and hazy.

Clasping a large doll in her arms, she stood upon the deck by her mother's side.

"Mamma!" she suddenly exclaimed, and her face turned to a delicate pale green.

"Yes, darling? What is the matter?"

"Oh, n-nothing, mamma! But I—I don't fink the rabbit I had for dinner could have been quite—quite dead!"

* * *

THE insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door; "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' boss!" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance agent asked her the question. "Indade Oi'm not! Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming toward the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well you just come with me."

Wearily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy; that's the real boss of this house."

* * *

BACK in the ridges of Tennessee two mountaineers got into an argument. Words led to blows, and in the fight that followed one of the men was killed.

A neighbor rode on ahead to the dead man's cabin to prepare his wife. He found her seated at a table eating apple dumplings. He broke the sad news to her as gently as he could. She listened quietly with a dumpling poised in the air half way to her mouth. When the neighbor paused she stuffed the dumpling into her mouth and said:

"You jest wait 'til I finish this hyer dumlin' an, then you-all'll hear hollerin.'"

COL. A. E. Belcher, mayor of Southampton, Ont., writing to The Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver, as an old commercial traveller, has a lot of deservedly good things to say about "the boys on the road." He concludes by telling a good story. Here it is:

Perhaps I am getting too serious and fatherly, and, if I am not imposing on your valuable space, might, out of the many incidents of earlier days, tell the boys of to-day of how the roads in Essex were forty years ago. A certain commercial man was teaming through this county, which in the spring and fall of the year was so muddy that you would be inclined to think that the bottom had fallen out of the roads. He was plugging along through the mud with his light wagon in which were his trunks. In a field at a little distance he saw a farmer who was fixing up a fence. Comment is often made on the curiosity of people living in the country, but it is only right and proper that an honest farmer, who had often been interviewed, and once taken in by a patent right man, had a right when addressed by a perfect stranger to weigh the subject well before making reply. When our commercial friend sung out, "Do you folks fly when you go to town?" the farmer put down the rail he had on his shoulder, took a chew of myrtle navy, advanced nearer, and calmly inquired:

"Want to sell that hoss?"

"No."

"Want to buy a mate for him?"

"No."

"Want to trade that air-tight wagon for a buggy?"

"No."

"Buying butter to ship?"

"No."

"Buying corn?"

"No."

"Dealing any in hogs?"

"No."

"Speculate any in 'taters?"

"No."

"Travelled far to-day?"

"About twelve miles."

"Goin' through to-night?"

"Yes; I expect to."

"Now, will you answer me a question?" asked the traveller.

"Yas."

"Do you folks out here along this line of infernal river of mud fly when you go to town?"

The farmer looked around, heaved a sigh, broke off a piece of the rail to pick his teeth with before answering, and said:

"Stranger, what kind of a flying machine are you pedlin' and what's your lowest figger for cash?"

* * *

IN a wild dash to catch his train a belated suburbanite went leaping up the stairs at an "L" station in New York, only to reach the platform just as the gates were slammed shut and the train began to move. Panting violently, and watching the departing train for a moment, he finally sought to elicit a little sympathy or comfort form a German bystander. Assuming an air of indifference he remarked, good-naturedly, "I didn't quite make it."

"Make vot?" inquired the German, who, apparently, had not noticed anything unusual.

"That train."

"Vy dit you vant to make it ven it was made alretty?"

"No; I mean I was too late to get aboard."

"Vot for you vant a board?"

"No, not that; I wanted to take that train."

"How coot you took it ven so many hat it alretty?"

"No, no, no" (excitedly): "I mean I wanted to ride on that train, but didn't get here soon enough."

Just then the German's train pulled up at the station, and as he stepped through the gate he was heard to reply: "Dot vos too bad; but how vos it any of my tampizness?"

* * *

A LITTLE while ago the newly-elected Provost of a Scotch provincial town was about to make his first journey in that capacity through the place. The townspeople had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass a floral crown should hang, surrounded by the words, "He well deserves it."

But the wind blew away the crown, and when the Provost passed under the arch, to the great joy of those who had voted against him, only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He well deserves it" standing outside in bold relief.

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What sex is a motor car? Should it be spoken of as he, she, or it? For instance, a man was overheard in the hotel dining-room, saying to his companion, a woman: "Yes, she's a forty horsepower car." The woman at once protested against his speaking of the auto as "she." Then he told her that it had a bonnet worth $50, and she quit arguing.—Exchange.

Gerald Du Maurier, now one of the able light comedians of the London stage, and Irene Vanbrugh, as accomplished a comedienne, are soon to act together in America.

The Czar will not purchase the Wright aeroplane on account of the revolutions of its propeller.—New York Post.

First U. S. Senator—What is a blind partisan? Second U. S. Senator—One who doesn't know the color of money.—Life.

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Little Nephew—Auntie, did you marry an Indian? Aunt—Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie? Little Nephew—Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing-table.—Fliegende Blatter.

Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. C. D. Massey and Hon. R. Jaffray.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE *bal poudre* which took place last week in the King Edward was another added to the long list of successes scored by the managers of the Ladies' Work Depository, who each year give this dance in aid of the funds of the institution. Looking back to the first *bal poudre* in the old pavilion, one grasps the full force of the contrast between old days and new. At that first ball, most of the powdered heads were of huge proportions, and came from the hairdressers at so much the night rent. Who nowadays would appear in these monstrosities? Instead, the suitable coiffure of the present vogue is daintily powdered and decked with some small glittering ornament, flower or jewel, a twist of velvet, a rope of ribbon or a tiny tuft of ostrich tips. People were more recognizable on Friday night for this change of style, and while the quaint effect of powder, rouge and patches was obtained, there was neither grotesque nor overdone arrangement. Some of the girls looked quite lovely, particularly Miss Winifred Plummer, who wore some fetching loops of pale blue satin ribbon at each side of her powdered pompadour in delightfully quaint effect; Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, whose charming face was a picture of delicate prettiness framed in soft white puffs and curls; Miss Isabel Clark, by many declared the belle, carrying herself so gracefully, and with a certain dignity, and looking very well in her powder and patches and trim white satin gown; Miss Grace Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, the debutante who is having such a glorious time, came in late from a dinner with her sisters, Mrs. Scott Griffin and Mrs. Beardmore, and wore a gown of rose taffeta and an old-time coiffure which lent her mignon face a greater charm, if possible. The Misses Davison were dainty little *poudrees*, and Miss Irene Doolittle was extremely pretty in palest green satin, her dark eyes and eyebrows looking very piquante under her white coiffure. Several of the patronesses decided not to follow the rule, and wore their hair smartly dressed but unpowdered, Dame Nature saving handsome Mrs. Palmer any choice in the matter, and her beautiful silver crown of soft white puffs and rolls being as lovely as it was natural. Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Biscoe, Mrs. W. A. McLean, wore black, ranging in material from softest satin to lace and tulle sparkling with the latest fashionable craze, jet. Mrs. J. I. Davidson wore palest blue and white lace. Mrs. Sweny, a dainty little satin gown with point lace. Mrs. Hanbury Budden, who is here on a holiday visit from Montreal, wore a flowered Dresden silk with touches of black velvet. One of the very prettiest girls at the dance was Miss Amy Saunders, in pale blue, with one huge pale pink rose nestling over her ear, amid her white curls. Miss Patti Warren wore her hair *sans poudre*, a large waxen white camelia resting on its raven blackness and her slim form clad in a modish white satin Empire gown. Miss Madeline Walker looked well, and carried a round boquet with a pierced paper frill, in an old-time silver boquet holder. Miss Edith Kay became her powder and rouge better almost than anyone, and wore a lovely pale blue satin dress in most artistic lines. Major and Mrs. Elmsley were the handsomest couple in the room, as they arrived rather late to make their greetings to the receiving ladies, who after the first hour quitted the banquet hall, and took up their station inside the east door of the ballroom. Colonel and Mrs. Biscoe, as charming as they are handsome, brought their daughter, Miss Dorothy, in a smart black gown, with pale blue touches on her elaborate and becoming coiffure. Mrs. Heintzman of Tannenheim, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. Bascom, and Mr. and Mrs. Palm were a happy family party, the debutante was not *poudree*, but wore her wealth of black hair in a huge braided crown about her head, and a white chiffon frock, with embroidery of pink roses. Miss Caldwell looked a dainty beauty in pale blue, and Miss Kemp of Castle Frank was in white satin. It seemed quite a pity to powder her beautiful brown hair, but she sacrificed it to the requirements of the hour. Miss Alice Hagarty looked very nice in white with pink roses, and Miss Helen Adams' refined and pretty face, with a very smart *poudre* coiffure and becoming blue gown, were much admired. Miss Marguerite Pigott also looked very pretty in powder and patches, and a shell pink gown. Miss Winifred Heron wore a graceful mauve crepe gown with fringe on the folded bodice, Miss Enid Hendrie, of Hamilton was in white satin with fringe and an emerald velvet girdle. One of the most admired and prettiest girls was Miss Marjorie Brouse, who suited the regulation coiffure to perfection, and looked a picture. Miss Mary Clark was, as usual, the most sought after girl, and her cousin, Mrs. Baird (*nee* Palmer), who laughingly declares her one dissipation is the *bal poudre*, wore a beautiful lace gown over satin. Miss Olive Peters of London looked well in white satin. Mrs. Sydney Small was in pink satin and pink ostrich feathers in her powdered hair. Miss Isabel Ryerson looked well in blue satin. Miss Vivian Boulton also wore blue, and her dark eyes were well set off by her white coiffure. Miss Adele Harman looked very nice in pale green satin touched with silver. Miss Georgia Macdonald was pretty in pink. Two petite dames, Miss Garrow and Miss Fleury, one in mauve, the other in pale blue, were very popular. Miss Lillian Lee wore a yellow gown. Mrs. T. B. Taylor brought Miss Evelyn, who looked charming in shell pink and a well arranged *coiffure poudre*. Mrs. John Palmer was lovely in white satin, Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser in blue satin with gold embroideries, Mrs. Mann of Buffalo, formerly Betty Thomas, Miss Hilda Cayley in pink, and Miss Juliet Cayley in blue, Miss Eve Haney in pale blue, and Miss Marjorie Braithwaite looking very happy and bright in turquoise with white lace, Mrs. Williams Beardmore in pale blue satin, Miss Marjorie Murray in white chiffon touched with pink, Mrs. W. Goulding in a handsome pink satin gown with wide lace and a charming coiffure, Miss Muriel Ridout in a pale blue gown, Miss Joyce Flummer in cream satin, Miss Norma Armstrong in mauve, Miss Smily Adams, Miss Alice Cook, the Misses Gage, Mrs. and Miss Alice Baines, Mrs. and the Misses Carswell of Oshawa, Mrs. Campbell Sweeny, Miss Skill, the Misses Heward, Miss Lake, the Misses Jarvis, the debutante in pink satin, Miss Blackstock, Miss Sankey, Miss Freda Taylor, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss Frou LeMesurier, Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Miss Mona Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Eaton, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Meta Macbeth, Miss Maud Boyd, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Edith Porter, Messrs. Harry Grubbe, E. O'Flynn, Charles Plummer, Maurice Plummer, Harlow Fleming, Young, Hawes, Cochrane, George Beardmore, Alfred Beardmore, Torrance Beardmore, S. Small, Mackenzie, Rathbun, Roy Nordheimer, Percy Hodgins, Warren, Roy Wood, Major Bickford, Harry Small, Andrews, Alexander, Gooderham, Lindsay, Heron, Heward, Goulding, Fellowes, Ridout, A. Boultbee, Boehme, Hendrick, Gouinlock, Stanley Thompson, Palmer, Christie, Pepler, Chadwick, Darrell Warren, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Louis Gibson, Dr. George Ryerson, were a few of the merry company. Supper was served at eleven o'clock both in the banquet room and grand corridor, and the menu was of excellent quality. The ball was very jolly and went with great eclat from start to finish. I hope the worthy *beneficiare* reaped a fine harvest and will go on to future success.

Mr. Maurice Plummer, who has been out on leave from England on a visit to his people, has sailed to rejoin his regiment. Mr. Tom Plummer will arrive immediately out on a visit to his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer are now settled in Sylvan Tower, and friends scarcely recognize that well known residence, so much changed and improved has it been. Mrs. Plummer has been receiving on Mondays.

Mrs. Calderwood's tiny bridge grew into quite a cosy little tea on Monday, one after another of Miss MacDougall's Toronto friends occurring to the hospitable hostess, and being informally invited to take a cup of tea at five. The guest of honor was in a dainty grey gown and hat, and was besieged by all wishing to have a little word with her. Miss Elise Clark and Miss Wallbridge poured coffee and tea, and among those enjoying it were Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Lizars Smith, Miss Anna Jennings, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay, and a few others.

Miss Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, and Mrs. Charles Macdonald gave an unusually pleasant tea for Mrs. Frank Hobbs (*nee* Birrell of London), a recent bride, and a former fellow citizen of Mrs. Charles Macdonald (*nee* Magee of London). The guest of honor received with Miss Macdonald, and was presented to those who had not yet called upon her in her pretty home, while new-old friends greeted her with the cordiality which her attractive and sweet personality calls forth. Tea was served in the dining-room from a bright flower crowned buffet, and the guests lingered very happily until the last moment. Other brides were there, and a coterie of girl friends of the hostess, with a few older matrons, and everyone was glad to see Mrs. Magee, who seldom braves the clatter and crowd of the ordinary five o'clocker. This was not the "ordinary," by any means, but a most sane and enjoyable variety of what is so often an exhausting and bootless struggle to do nothing comfortably.

Next Friday evening the Canoe Club will give their annual At Home at McConkey's. Mrs. Jos. Oliver, Mrs. E. E. King, Mrs. A. L. Young, Mrs. T. D. Bailey, Mrs. M. A. Thomas, and Mrs. E. A. Blackhall are the patronesses.

Mr. Kelly Evans has returned from England.

The Misses Sternberg held a very successful fancy dress dance for their junior pupils last week, about fifty children being present. The costumes were very pretty, among the most effective being a gold sequined chiffon worn by little Miss Victoria Gooderham, who represented "Queen of the Fairies," and a pink tarlatan fairy costume with silver trimmings worn by Miss Elsie Murray. Among others present were Ethelwyn Ballantyne, Kathleen Samuel, and Mildred Morse, Red Riding Hoods; Rodney Adamson, Turk; Bolton Wadsworth, Indian chief; Bartle Bull, soldier; Claire Nesbitt, dancing girl; Rosamund Ryckman, fairy; Lewis Samuel and Norman Samuel, sailors; Jack Cox, baker; Hope Ludwig, Geisha girl; Lorna McLean, butterfly; Marjory and Eilleen Cook, and Eilleen Fallard, flower girls; Kathleen Skey, fairy. The tables set for four were very daintily served, the favors being joy bells and snowballs, of crystal, and Santa Claus' filled with sweetmeats.

I hear that Mrs. Barker's only bachelor son, Mr. Eddie Barker, who has been a favorite beau for a good many seasons, has found his fate, and will probably join the rest of the family in their wise course ere long.

The marriage of Major Casimir Van Straubenzee, of the Royal Artillery, Shoeburyness, England, and Mrs. Ethel McCulloch, widow of the late W. McCulloch, and daughter of the late Matthew Vankoughnet, took place in St. Simon's church last Saturday, Rev. E. C. Cayley officiating. The bride, who was unattended, was brought in and given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Wray, of Montreal, and looked very dainty and beautiful in an Empire gown and coat of eminence broad cloth, and a black Louis hat with plumes, and touches of silver cord. She carried a huge ermine muff, and was unattended. Mr. H. J. Scott, K.C., was best man, and the bride's two young sons, Ferdie and Bruce McCulloch, were ushers to the small party of relatives and intimate friends who were at the wedding. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Van Straubenzee held a reception at the home of the latter in Roxboro street, where hearty congratulations were offered and loving good wishes to the bride, a woman whose charm and good heart have always won for her warm affection. Mr. D. R. Wilkie proposed the health of the bride, and Major Van Straubenzee replied very happily. After the dejeuner, Major and Mrs. Van Straubenzee left on their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a dark green gown with mink furs and fur toque. They will reside in Shoeburyness, where Major Van Straubenzee's battery is stationed just now. Many beautiful gifts and many cheques from friends and relatives who realized the difficulty of carrying about the usual avalanche of china, glass and silver, when one is the head of a soldier's *menage*, were sent to the fair bride. Among those at the wedding were Mrs. and Miss Van Straubenzee of Kingston, mother and sister of the groom; Major and Mrs. Charles Van Straubenzee, brother and sister-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Frank May, sister and brother-in-law of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Meredith, also of Montreal, and holding the same relationship; Canon and the Misses Cayley, cousins of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Hummel of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Muriel Barwick, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. G. A. Case, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Major and Mrs. Elmsley, Mr. George Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, and Mr. Clarence Bogert, were among the guests at the reception. Mr. Bogert entertained some of the out-of-town guests at dinner at the King Edward in the evening.

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SOCIETY

MRS. Zeb G. Lash, 27 Grenville street, received for the first time since her marriage, this week. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Miller Lash, assisted in the drawing-room. The bride wore her wedding dress of ivory satin and Flemish point. The tea table in the cosy dining-room was done with red roses and red shaded candles.

Miss Helen Kay gave a bridge on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Fleming, 267 Rusholme Road, will receive the fourth Friday this month, and afterwards on the third and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. Richard W. Teskey, 479 1-2 Euclid avenue, will receive for the first time this season on Tuesday the 19th inst., and on every third Tuesday during the season.

Attorney-General Foy has returned from Europe. His eldest son, Mr. James Foy, has been seriously ill in St. Michael's Hospital, and Mrs. James Foy has come up from New York, and is with the Misses Foy in Isabella street.

Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Jr., has gone to Augusta, Ga., to her husband, who is recuperating after a severe illness.

Mrs. McDowell Thomson is now in Aiken, N.C.

The Canadian Art Club will hold an exhibition of pictures next month in their Gallery, in Adelaide street between Church and Toronto.

At Mrs. R. K. Barber's post-nuptial reception this week, the callers noticed a very beautiful silver tray, which held the tea service, over which Mrs. Simpson presided. This was a *cadeau des noces* from some of Major Barker's comrades in the Military Institute, and not as has been stated, a gift from the Q.O.R. officers.

A very pretty wedding took place on Monday, January 11, at the home of the bride's parents in Ottawa, when Miss Annie McDougall, second daughter of John Lorne McDougall, C.M.G., and Mrs. McDougall, Hintonburg, Ottawa, was married to Mr. Russell Blackburn, son of the late Mr. Robert Blackburn and Mrs. Blackburn, New Edinburgh, Ottawa. Owing to the illness of the bride's father, only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Herridge, of St. Andrew's church. The bride was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. John Lorn McDougall, Jr., barrister, of Haileybury. The drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed, was decorated with American Beauty roses and curtains of smilax. The bride was dressed in a hand-made muslin over white satin; her only ornament was a string of pearls with ruby and diamond clasp, the gift of the groom. The groomsman was Mr. Lennox Blackburn, brother of the groom. Mrs. McDougall, the mother of the bride, wore a black crepe de chene embroidered in gold, Mrs. Blackburn, mother of the groom, black satin with duchesse lace trimmings, and black bonnet. Mrs. S. J. McLean, sister of the bride, wore a pink satin Directoire gown, Miss Blackburn, sister of the groom, gray poplin, embroidered in purple silk, with hat to match, and carried a boquet of orchids. Mrs. Alexander McDougall was in a purple satin Directoire, with hat to match. Miss Marion McDougall was in white lace over blue silk, Miss Marion Morris, white lace over pink satin. Miss Jean and Miss Sheila McDougall, sisters of the bride, were in white muslin with blue sashes. Miss Isabel Loudon, of Toronto, cousin of the bride, was in pink satin trimmed with bebe Irish. The bride's going-away gown was of old-blue broadcloth braided in black, with seal coat and lynx furs. Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn left on the four o'clock train for New York, en route for Southern Europe and the Mediterranean.

The following ladies will be patronesses for the dance of the Toronto Amateur Athletic Club which is being held at McConkey's on the evening of Wednesday, January 20: Lady Pellatt, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. W. C. MacDonald, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. H. O. Warren, Mrs. T. J. Clarke, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. T. B. MacDonald.

Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, gave a very pretty luncheon on Monday, for which fourteen covers were laid. The decorations were of lily of the valley and pink roses.

Mrs. Curry is giving a dance next Friday in the Rossin for her daughter.

The dance given by the Literary Society of Toronto University takes place in the Gym next Wednesday evening. Mr. Laurence Whittemore is secretary.

Mr. Armstrong, who had the misfortune to fracture his leg in Saskatoon some weeks ago, and who is being nursed by his daughter, Miss Gyp Armstrong, is expected back in Toronto this week. Miss Armstrong will return with him.

The Simcoe Athletic Club are giving an At Home next Wednesday evening in the Metropolitan.

Miss Lina D. Adamson's recital last night in Conservatory Music Hall was under the patronage of Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. Edward Fisher and Mrs. H. S. Strathy. Mrs. Adamson, Miss Eugenie Quchen and Mrs. Gerard Barton assisted.

An extremely smart wedding took place in Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, the other evening, Rev. Frank Doumoulin officiating, when Miss Ethel Cuddy, who has a number of relatives here, was married to Mr. J. Mercer Barnett, of Birmingham, Ala. The bride is an old Havergal College girl, and looked queenly in a bridal robe of rich white satin embroidered with pearls and lace in profusion. She carried a shower of lily of the valley and her jewels were diamonds, the groom's gift. Among the fair attendants was Miss Dora Ridout, of Toronto, and the maid of honor was Miss Eva Comer, daughter of the Governor of Alabama, at whose home the bride and groom first met. The bride's attendants were all her classmates at Havergal, to whom she presented enamelled violet brooches. Mr. Colin Richardson and the Misses Ambridge, of 13 Bernard avenue, went to Cleveland for the happy event, which was a very fine and important one in social circles in that city.

The Argonauts' dance in the King Edward last night was the largest social event of the week, of which I shall give an account in the next issue.

Miss Louise Manning, who has been visiting her aunt at Llawhaden, has returned home.

Miss Elsie Thorold has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mabee, Scarth road, Rosedale. Miss Mabel Mabee was a pretty guest at the *poudre* ball. Her debutante cousin, Miss Davidson, was with her.

Miss Libbie Prescott is enjoying a very gay visit in Montreal.

Among the many successful recent events held at Mrs. Meyer's, Sunnyside, might be mentioned:—Dec. 28, the South Parkdale Young Ladies; Dec. 30, the Parkdale Canoe Club, and New Year's eve, Sunnyside Saturday Club held its seventh annual at Mrs. Meyer's, Sunnyside.

Mr. Arthur Blight announces his annual song recital to take place in the Conservatory Hall, Saturday evening, February 6, 1909, assisted by Miss Mary L. Caldwell, pianiste, and Miss Lilyan I. Smith, accompanist.

It's Your Liver That Makes You Constipated

The bowels move only when the liver gives up enough bile. To correct Constipation, you must correct the torpid, sluggish liver.

Abbey's Salt regulates the bowels by regulating the liver. It makes the liver active and healthy — cure Constipation — and is a tonic for the whole system. 22

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. a bottle. At all dealers.

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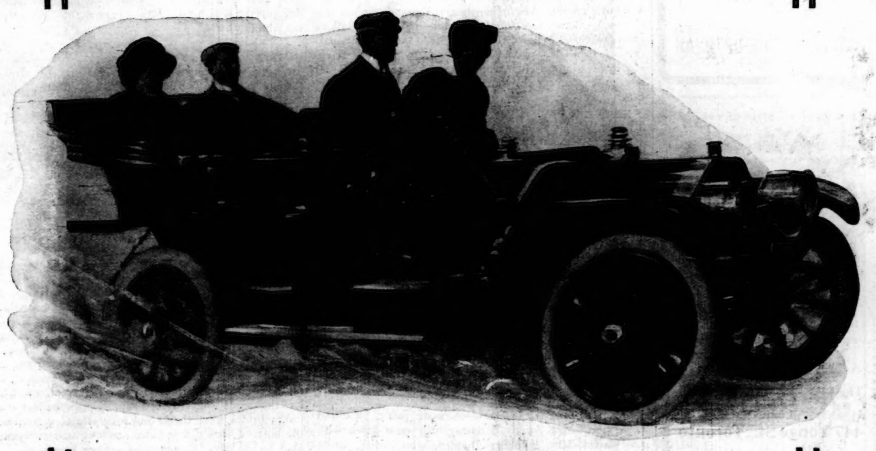
N 2755
OUR $50, $75, $100 FUNERALS
Include high-class furnishings, appointments, service and carriages.
32 Carlton St.

TO enjoy the exhilaration of speed, with physical comfort and mental assurance of safety, is one of the many privileges of Oldsmobile owners. Perfect spring suspension and shock-absorber equipment insure comfort. Strength for emergency construction insures safety.



It is also the privilege of the Oldsmobile owner to drive a silent car, of easy control and beautiful design; a car just as ready for a cross-country run as for a boulevard parade. For ten years the Oldsmobile has been a known quantity—for ten years performance has always equalled promise—and the 1909 car is no exceptoin. Four-cylinder touring car or roadster $3,000. Six-cylinder cars $4,750. Details sent on request.

FREDERIC SAGER Manager

The OLDSMOBILE CO. OF CANADA, Limited
TORONTO - - - - ONTARIO

W. L. STONEBURN City Sales Manager

Ballad of Talk.

OH, if you sleep, or if you wake,
And if you smile, or if you sigh,
And if you mar, or if you make,
And if you sell, or if you buy,
And if you praise, or villify,
And if you spurn, or if you woo,
If you pollute, or purify,—
Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!

Oh, if you give, or if you take,
If truth you tell, or if you lie,
If you be saint, if you be rake,
If you disgrace, or dignify,
If you enrage or pacify,
If creeds you preach, or creeds poohpooh,
If you amuse, or terrify,—
Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!

Oh, if you build, or if you break,
If you be bold, if you be shy,
If you be brave, or if you quake,
If you be slow, if you be spry,
If you admit, if you deny,
If you retreat, if you pursue,
If you corrupt, or edify,—
Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!

ENVOY:

Oh, be you low, or be you high,
If you be false, if you be true,
And if you live, and if you die,—
Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!

—Harold Susman, in Life.

Books and Authors.

Professor Simkovitch, who has charge of the Morgan collection of manuscripts now on exhibition at the Columbia University library, claims to have discovered that Robert Burns did not write "Auld Lang Syne," and proves it by this letter written by Burns to George Thompson: "One song more and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from old Fan's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Then follows "Auld Lang Syne," just as it is sung to-day.

* * *

What ever the effect of her books on society, the fact remains that Marie Corelli probably has the largest, steadiest income from her books of any English novelist. Reputedly, she has earned $60,000 a year for the past eighteen years.

* * *

Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein, the young sister of the German Empress, has joined the ranks of royal authors. The story she has written under the pen name of F. Hugin is entitled "Through the Mist."

* * *

The Nobel prize for literature has just been awarded to Rudolph Eucken, an author whose book, "The Problem of Human Life," is soon to be published in translation in this country. Professor Eucken is the author of a number of books on religion and philosophy. He has spent his life as an academic and university instructor and he is now professor of philosophy in the University of Jena.

* * *

In Dr. Nicoll's "Life of Ian Maclaren" the author tells us that that writer "had the book collector's reverence for books; he never marked a book in his life." Mr. Clement Shorter takes issue with Dr. Nicoll on this point and says that "the real book collector, as distinguished from the postage stamp collecting sort of personage, marks his books without end, scribbles on the margins, as Coleridge did, makes his own index on the flyleaves, and is quite reckless as to whether he is detracting from their value for some other person. The real book collector is fashioned like one who said long ago that 'He bought his books for himself and not for his executors.'"

"Ah," complained the visiting nobleman, "but you have no privileged classes in this country." "We haven't, eh?" replied the prominent citizen. "You ought to be out some night when a gang of college boys are on a tear."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?" "Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulettes and braided collars."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FIXED MODERATE CHARGES FOR FUNERALS.

After due deliberation, the W. H. Stone Company, 32 Carlton street, have decided to publish their schedule of moderate priced funerals at $50, $75, $100; each including high-grade furnishings, appointments, and carriages.

The careful, considerate, personal supervision that has characterized their efforts in the past will be given to each and every funeral entrusted to their care.

This plan is the result of an extensive experience, and is intended to simplify matters, and save trouble to those who are bereaved.

What money can buy:
- Material independence.
- Leisure.
- Opportunities.
- The homage of inferiors.
- Society.

What it cannot buy:
- Mental independence.
- Culture.
- Friends.
- Health.
- Love.

—New York World.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

TURNBULL—At Charnwood Villa, Goderich, Jan. 3, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Turnbull, a daughter.
MACKECHNIE—At Marmora, Ont., Jan. 9, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. Mackechnie, a daughter.
WOTHERSPOON—At "Dunain," Port Hope, Jan. 12, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wotherspoon, a son.
LONG—At Blyth, Ont., Jan. 5, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Long, a daughter

MARRIAGES.

SHORT-DIETTE—At the residence of the parents of the bride, 59 Hepbourne street, Toronto, Jan. 8, 1909, by Rev. W. P. Wilson, Florence Edith Diette, to Roy H. Short, of Tillsonburg.
BRIGGS-BARNARD — At St. Paul's church, Montreal, Dec. 31, 1908, by Rev. Dr. Barclay and Recorder Weir, Caroline Sophia Barnard, of Montreal, to John Bennett Briggs, B.Sc., of Pitlochry, Scotland.
HEYS-KING—At the residence of the parents of the bride, Chatham, Ont., Dec. 29, 1908, Daisy E., daughter of Mr. E. King, to Thomas Heys, of Kenora, son of Thomas Heys, Esq., of Toronto.
GIROUARD-PATTERSON—at the residence of the bride's mother, in Palmerston boulevard, Toronto, Jan. 9, 1909, Maud, daughter of the late Major Thomas Patterson, to Raoul Girouard, of Smith's Falls.

MR. C. D. CLARK,

MANAGER OF THE WINNIPEG BRANCH OF AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED.

Mr. Clark was the guest of honor at a dinner attended by the staff of the Aikenhead Hardware Limited, at the King Edward Hotel on Friday evening last. The purpose of the gathering was to bid farewell to Mr. Clark, previous to his returning to Winnipeg, having spent the Christmas holidays in the city. After a sumptuous repast, the chairman, A. L. Young, vice-president of the company, proposed the health of the King, which was heartily responded to, as were the toasts to Canada, our guest and the ladies.

At the conclusion of the program the chairman threw open the meeting and a very enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. Clark, who is a general favorite, takes with him the best wishes of his business associates and friends for a prosperous New Year.

DEATHS.

LOCKHART—In Toronto, Jan. 11, 1909, Violet Ruberta McBurney, wife of H. G. Lockhart, of Fernie, B.C.
RHIND—In Montreal, Que., John Rhind, in his 77th year.
DIEHL—In Toronto, Jan. 7, 1909, Mary, widow of the late George Diehl, aged 68 years.

OD AND GREAT CALAMITIES

A Summary of a Thoughtful Sermon by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Formerly of Toronto.

God responsible for—does He end to earth—those great calamities such as the earthquake which ed Messina and Reggio, as that that destroyed San Francisco, or other great catastrophies of recent years? Or even if He allows them, as He certainly does, is He just and good? These questions arise also connection with disasters of every not only earthquakes, but great fagrations, railway wrecks, steamers lost at sea, devastating floods, cyclones, wars, mine explosions, falling buildings and accidents of a thousand varieties in which lives and property are destroyed. What shall we say about such things generally? In a world where such calamities occur, can we rationally believe in God—that is, in a God who cares and loves, and is in any sense a Father, as Jesus taught, and as Christian people generally believe?

These questions were asked and an attempt made to answer them, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Trinity Church, Hartford, Conn., two Sundays ago. Mr. Sunderland formerly preached in Toronto and many of his sermons were published in SATURDAY NIGHT. In this sermon, which was published in a Hartford paper, he treats of questions so deeply interesting to the human mind and heart, that we desire to reproduce some of the ideas he presented, regretting that space does not permit the publishing of the deliverance in its entirety. The speaker reminded his hearers that men too often forget the necessity of man's dependence on his fellow-men. "Nothing is more clear than that many of the evils which befall us in this world come through our fellows, and from the fact that we are dependent upon others and they upon us. Chicago was burned because a woman tipped over a lamp and set an out-building on fire which was so situated as to communicate its flames to tinder-box wooden buildings in the vicinity, and through these to the great city beyond. The city of Johnstown in Pennsylvania was destroyed not because of anything that its people had done, but because they lived in a valley above which was a faultily constructed reservoir of water, which others had built and were responsible for. Many railway and steamboat disasters are caused by blunders or mismanagement on the part of officials or employees. The passengers on the train or the boat who lose their lives do not bring the catastrophe upon themselves; it is brought upon them by others on whom they are dependent. These are specimens of one large class of calamities, in the presence of which we are prone to cry out in grief and pain, 'God is unjust, the plan of things is unkind, or else men would not be called upon to suffer for others' short-comings.'

"But let us look at the matter a little more carefully. If these calamities prove the cruelty of God at all, they prove His cruelty in making us social beings, beings in any way dependent upon one another. So long as we lean in any respect upon our fellow-men who are more or less ignorant or weak or morally imperfect, of course we must find our crutch sometimes breaking and letting us fall. The simple fact that our fellow-beings are finite makes it impossible but that they should sometimes fail us and bring us to disaster if we depend upon them. So then, if all this large class of evils that comes through dependence upon our fellow-men shows cruelty in the Divine plan, the cruelty must lie in the fact of our having been put, as I have said, in human relations at all."

* * *

He then proceeded to show that men could not, of course, exist except in this state of dependence on each other, and he dwelt upon the value of freedom of choice, freedom of will, in man.

"A very large proportion of the evils that come upon man he brings upon himself. He puts his hand into the fire and is burned. He goes into water beyond his depth and is drowned. He exposes himself to wind and wet, takes a violent cold, and pays the forfeit with his life. He eats too much and at improper times, and thereby gradually undermines his health. He drinks intoxicating liquors, until the vitalities of his system are all burned up. He steals, and is east into jail. He murders, and is hanged. He is loose in his moral character and as a consequence sees his sons and daughters grow up rakes and harlots. He builds bad steamboats and they sink with him. He constructs buildings that are fire-traps and they take fire and burn up. He builds a great city like San Francisco or Messina in a locality which he knows is more or less subject to earthquakes, and neglects to construct his edifices in a manner best calculated to resist the shocks which earthquakes give. He builds his city without providing it with two or three separate sources of water supply, and two or three separate sets of water mains—provisions which every modern city should make. As a result, when an earthquake comes the damage done to his city is great, and, when fires follow, his water supply fails and the disaster swells to enormous proportions. In these and in a thousand other ways man tramples under foot laws of life and health and protection and safety, which he understands or ought to understand, and as a result brings pain, suffering and death upon himself and his loved ones. What are we to say to all this? Shall we say that we have here a proof of the unkindness of God or of Nature? This is sometimes said. But I think that those who thus assert overlook the fact that in man's being allowed to choose for himself to do right or wrong, to act wisely or foolishly, lies the very possibility of his being a man.

"Does not the very fact of one's being free, and a moral agent, make necessary that he should be allowed to choose folly as well as wisdom, evil as well as good, if he so desires? Our complaint against God, as unkind, therefore, simply becomes a complaint that the Creator has endowed man with that noblest attribute of manhood—that attribute without which he could never be man—free will. But, now, is God unkind because He has endowed man with a free will? Would it have been kinder in Him to have made man a machine, so that he could not do anything but the right and the safe?

"No. Every man as soon as he comes to look at the matter fairly sees in an instant that the nobility of his nature lies in the fact that when evil or folly tempts him he can say, 'I can yield to it if I will, but I will not. I have power to take the false, but I choose to take the true.' Without free will there is no such thing as character; without free will there is no such thing as human responsibility; without free will there is no such thing as virtue. There can be no virtue in doing right when one is compelled to do right and cannot do otherwise. Virtue only becomes a possibility with the coming into being in man of the power to choose between good and evil. So then, I repeat, if this class of evils that came upon men from their own neglect or wrong-doing prove God to be unkind, they prove Him to be unkind in making men and not brutes, moral beings and not machines, being capable of virtue and responsibility, and not stones.

* * *

ANOTHER thing we need to consider if we would get at the truth as to whether Nature (or the Power ruling Nature) is to be regarded as malevolent or benevolent. It is the question whether natural law—government by natural law—necessarily involves unkindness. We call natural laws unkind because they are invariable, that is, because they are laws at all. Because the law of gravitation refuses to change itself for the benefit of a man who falls from a building, but insists on bringing him to the ground, very likely at the expense of his life, we say that gravitation is malevolent. Because fire will burn a little child that comes in contact with it, or will consume a forest or a great city if the conditions favorable to a great conflagration are present, we call the laws that govern combustion unkind. Because water will drown women and children who fall into it, or will break through a dam that is not properly constructed, or will sweep away houses that happen to come in its path, we say the laws which control the movements of water are unkind. Because cyclones and storms work havoc to man when he crosses their route, we say that meteorological laws—laws without which man could not exist—are unkind."

Mr. Sunderland then argues that earthquakes are the necessary result of natural laws, which could not be suspended to meet any temporary need of man. The invariableness of these laws are our security when we study and learn to know them. The world, he says, is not finished but still in process of creation.

In developing the idea of truthfulness, a teacher asked the question, "What is the best thing in the world to do, and at the same time the hardest?"

A little girl raised her hand, timidly.

"Well, Emma?"

"To get married."—Harper's Magazine.

Yes, granma, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know."

"Why, Willie, my dear, you havn't done anything else since you've been at college."—Exchange.

Society at the Capital

ALL the holiday visitors have now returned to their various colleges, universities, or homes as the case may be, and the next excitement on the tapis in Ottawa will be the opening of Parliament and His Excellency's Drawing-room on the 20th and 24th, which events will as usual attract a large number of visitors from points all over Canada as well as several from the United States.

A PERFECT epidemic of engagements appears to have broken out among the young people of the Capital, and, in addition to those already announced early in the season, one hears of a new one every few days. On New Year's Day at Mrs. Christie's tea the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Irene Bate, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, to Mr. William Meacham, of Chicago; and last week, following the Christmas visit of Mr. Edwin B. Forse, of Niagara Falls, who formerly lived in Ottawa for a number of years, comes the news of his engagement to Miss Katherine Moore, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, of Albert street. Yet another engagement announced during the week is that of Miss Ottilie Wyld, daughter of the late Mr. William Wyld, barrister, and Mrs. Wyld, of Cliff street, to Mr. Philip Neame, of Portland, Oregon, son of Mr. L. H. Neame of Woodfield, Beckenham, Kent, and London, England.

TO-DAY the marriage takes place of Miss Annie McDougall to Mr. Russell Blackburn. It will be a house wedding, and owing to the delicate health of the bride's father, Mr. J. Lorn McDougall, (formerly Auditor-General), the guests will include only the very near relatives of both families.

Last week Miss McDougall's friends who are charmed that her marriage will not necessitate her leaving Ottawa, devoted themselves to arranging various very smart little functions at which to wish her every possible happiness in her future life. Among these bright little gathering was a luncheon at which Miss Blackburn, sister of the prospective groom, entertained ten of Miss McDougall's more intimate companions. The table was exquisitely arranged with crimson roses, and each guest found beside her cover a *boutonniere* of fragrant violets.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec McDougall entertained at a very jolly dinner at the Golf Club on Thursday evening, when Miss McDougall and Mr. Blackburn received a shower of congratulations and good wishes. Mauve orchids and lily of the valley made the daintiest of table decorations, and the graceful hostess was gowned in a beautiful Parisian creation of mauve chiffon, the bride-elect wearing a most becoming Directoire gown of deep blue satin. About fifty guests were invited, and after dinner dancing was kept up until about midnight.

Miss Marjorie Blair was the bright young hostess of another dinner in honor of her chum, Miss McDougall, on Friday; and on the same day Mrs. George Bryson gave a very charming luncheon in her honor.

THE holiday dances continued far into last week's programme, and included one given by Mrs. J. J. Codville in honor of her cadet son, Mr. Frank Codville, and his guest and brother-cadet, Mr. Wilmot; a most delightful ball for the "Not-outs," held in the Racquet Court, which Major C. Elliot gave for his young daughters, the Misses Marjorie and Key Elliot, on Tuesday; another on the same evening at which Mrs. Gemmill, of Cliffside, entertained the debutante set and a few of the older belles and beaux, friends of her twin sons, the Messrs. John and Herbert Gemmill; and lastly a very jolly dance on Thursday, given by Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser for the guest of her daughter, Miss Blanche Mulkey, of Detroit.

As has been the case almost every week since the beginning of the season, hardly a day passed that did not contribute its quota of teas or afternoon bridges last week. Mrs. Frank Oliver's tea for young people on Wednesday gave them all the opportunity of welcoming among them again Mrs. J. J. Anderson, who has come to spend a couple of months or so with her parents, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver. This was a particularly smart function, and the various rooms were sweet with the fragrance of myriads of lovely pink roses and carnations. Mrs. Alan Aylesworth and Mrs. J. G. Foster poured tea and coffee and the Misses Claire and Anna Oliver—the former radiant in pale blue and the latter sweet and dainty in white—were assisted in handing dainty edibles to their many bright young friends by Miss Kathleen Ewart, Miss Hope Wurtele, Miss Doris Jones and Miss Louie Douglas.

Mrs. Anderson was also the special guest of a tea on Friday at which Mrs. Drummond Hogg entertained, assisted by her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred Hogg, who with her husband has just returned from the honeymoon and, while preparing their own residence are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Hogg.

Mrs. Frank Oliver also gave a lunch earlier in the week, when her guests included Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. (Col.) Irwin, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, Mrs. G. H. Perley, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. Ellery Lord, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. C. Brennan and Mrs. R. N. Slater.

Another charming luncheon was one on Saturday to which Mrs. Montizambert invited a dozen of her friends to meet her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Beckett, of Quebec, who with her husband has been in town since Christmas and with him will sail for a visit to England on the 16th. Those present were Lady Hanbury Williams, Mrs. Langford Brooke, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Irwin, Lady Davies, Mrs. Kirchoffer, Mrs. Gilmour and Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss. An exquisitely dainty arrangement of pink roses and maidenhair fern made the table a "thing of beauty."

MISS Muriel Stikeman, of Montreal, who has been spending a short time in town as the guest of Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Alex Hill was the cause d'etre of several bright little gatherings during the week. On Tuesday Mrs. Hamnet Hill, Sr., gave a tea especially for her at which Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Alex Hill presided at the teatable and were assisted by Miss Kittson, Miss Mildred Cox, Miss Phoebe Reade and Miss Dorothy Brown.

Miss Edith Fielding invited all her bright young friends to meet Miss Stikeman on Thursday afternoon, when a game of bridge was the attraction in the earlier portion of the afternoon for an hour, Mrs. Alex Hill and Miss McCormick of Chicago, (who is the guest at present of the Misses Hughson) winning pretty little prizes. Later about twenty additional guests came in at the tea-hour, when Miss Dorothy White and Miss Irene Bate did duty at the tea table.

Others who entertained at tea or bridge during the week were Mrs. Denis Murphy, Mrs. G. W. G. Perley, Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mrs. Pennington Macpherson. Mrs. John Gray, Mrs. Robert Reid and Mrs. E. D. Sutherland, and extremely enjoyable dinners were contributed by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden. Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, and Mrs. A. W. Fleck, the latter being in honor of Miss Rose Fleck's visitor, Miss Marjorie Grant, of Perth.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 11, 1909.

Five and Twenty Sailormen.

OH, it's up-along, and down-along,
and all-along the quay.
There are five and twenty sailormen
just come home on the spree.
All afire to spend their money,
In a land of milk and honey,
They are tired of stormy watches
and the tossing of the sea.

There are snug low ceiling'd parlors
in the taverns of the street,
With their cellars full of liquor and
their larders full of meat.
There are tables white and shining,
Full of sailor folk a-dining.
There is dancing in the gardens with
the wenches trim and neat.

There are beds of down for sleeping—
Oh, the quiet dreamless sleep,
With no bos'n's whistle calling, with
no watch for one to keep.
And to wake to sound of singing,
And the convent bell a-ringing,
Not the tumult of the tempest and the
thunder of the deep.

Oh, it's up-along, and down-along,
and all-along the quay,
There are five and twenty sailormen
as glum as glum can be,
They have squandered all their
money,
They are tired of milk and honey.
They have done with fun and feasting and they weary for the sea.

They can hear the sea a-calling, and
the fine lands far away
And it's hoist the rusty anchor up and
sail at break o' day:
There's a stiff wind blowing,
There's a strong tide flowing.
So it's put her head for Port o' Spain,
and out across the bay!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Father—What is that noise in the parlor, Tommy? Tommy—That's sis dropping a hint. She wants that young man to go home.—Chicago Daily News.

The proof of the pudding is in the dreaming.—Princeton Tiger.

—THE—

BANK OF TORONTO

REPORT OF THE

Fifty-Third Annual General Meeting.

The Fifty-third Annual Meeting of The Bank of Toronto was held at their Banking House on Wellington Street, Toronto, on 13th January, 1909.

The President, Mr. W. H. Beatty, took the Chair, Mr. Joseph Henderson, the Assistant General Manager, was requested to act as Secretary, and Messrs. E. M. Chadwick and George R. Hargraft were appointed Scrutineers.

Upon request the Secretary then read the following Report:

The Directors of The Bank of Toronto beg to present herewith their Report for the year ending 30th November, 1908, accompanied by a Statement of the affairs of the Bank.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

The Balance at credit of Profit and Loss, on 30th November, 1907, was		$150,708 85
The Net Profits for the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits, and rebate on current discounts, amounted to the sum of		582,156 00
		$732,864 85
This sum has been appropriated as follows		
Dividend No. 106, Two and one-half per cent	$100,000 00	
Dividend No. 107, Two and one-half per cent	100,000 00	
Dividend No. 108, Two and one-half per cent	100,000 00	
Dividend No. 109, Two and one-half per cent	100,000 00	
		$400,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund		10,000 00
Written off Bank Premises		95,813 98
Carried forward to next year		227,050 87
		$732,864 85

Owing to unsettled financial conditions a policy of conservatism has been general throughout the country, and the year may be characterized as having been one of retrenchment and liquidation.

This has been beneficial to the best interests of the community, and there are evidences of a gradual return to more prosperous conditions.

Branches of the Bank have been opened at Havelock and Wyoming, where the business of the Sovereign Bank of Canada was taken over, and six of the smaller branches of this Bank have been closed during the year.

The sum of $95,813.98 has been written off Bank Premises Account, reducing that account to $800,000.

The surplus profits of the year have been added to the balance of Profit and Loss Account, which now amounts to $227,050.87.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. H. BEATTY,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th November, 1908

LIABILITIES.		
Notes in Circulation		$ 3,674,244 00
Deposits bearing interest	$22,855,752 30	
Deposits not bearing interest	4,024,052 86	
		26,879,805 16
Balances due to other Banks		227,106 05
Quarterly Dividend, payable 1st December, 1908	100,000 00	
Dividends unpaid	1,698 40	
		101,698 40
		$30,882,853 61
Capital paid up	$ 4,000,000 00	
Rest	4,500,000 00	
Interest Accrued on Deposit Receipts and Rebate on Notes Discounted	145,700 00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	227,050 87	
		8,872,750 87
		$39,755,604 48

ASSETS.		
Gold and Silver Coin on hand	$ 715,358 36	
Dominion Notes on hand	3,919,297 00	
	$4,634,855 36	
Notes and Cheques on other Banks	1,251,631 50	
Balances due from other Banks	1,657,028 51	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation	160,000 00	
Government, Municipal, Railway and other Debentures and Stocks	2,358,529 83	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds	1,597,429 38	
		$11,659,274 58
Loans and Bills Discounted	$26,688,230 06	
Loans to other Banks secured	597,246 00	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	10,853 84	
		27,296,329 90
Bank Premises		800,000 00
		$39,755,604 48

D. COULSON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 30th November, 1908.

The Report was adopted, and the following were elected Directors for the year: William H. Beatty, William G. Gooderham, Robert Reford, Hon. Charles S Hyman, Robert Meighen, William Stone, John Macdonald, Lieut.-Col. A. E. Gooderham, Nicholas Bawlf, Duncan Coulson.

At a meeting of the new Board, Mr. William H. Beatty was unanimously re-elected President, and Mr. William G. Gooderham, Vice-President.

Tuesday Next —Ironing Day

That is the day the ELECTRIC FLAT IRON proves its superiority. Ironing isn't half the work with no hot store to tramp to and from all day.

An Electric Flat Iron does away with all this; once tried never afterwards dispensed with, may be used in any house wired for electric light by simply attaching cord to light socket and snapping the button.

Equally as convenient in sewing room or kitchen.

FREE We will gladly send to any of our consumers in this city one of these irons for 30 days' free trial.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. Limited

12 Adelaide Street East

This is the way New York jollies Philadelphia. The joke is from Life: "I have discharged my Philadelphia chauffeur. I was arrested on his account." "For speeding?" "No, for blocking the traffic!"

Dust Unto Dust

An Amusing Automobile Story, Taken from the Recently Issued "Buzz-Wagon Number" of Life.

THE club window was crowded as young Chester came up.

As for him he took it all in good part, sauntering up the front steps as if he had left nothing unusual behind him.

He was greeted with a medley of yells and groans.

"Where did you get the junk?" "Are you going to enter it in the Vanderbilt race?" "That must have been the first one made," and similar observations were thrown at him from all sides.

It was indeed an extraordinary sight. And to think that Chester—who prided himself on the perfection of his equipment, no matter what it was—should have descended to this level! It was inexplicable. Heretofore, no spot obscured the brilliancy of the brass work on Chester's superb six-cylinder. And its modest dark green body was unsullied by streak or stain.

And yet Chester, without any doubt, had just gotten out of the measliest, dingiest, most tumble-down, ancient apology for a motor car that ever stood up on four tires. The radiator in front was all bent in. Bunches of horse hair stuck out of the leather cushions. The door that opened into the rear entrance was tied with a heavy cord. Only patches of paint remained here and there while the whole miserable affair was hunched up, decrepid, palsied, and apparently stricken with every disease that a motor car body can have.

Chester smiled and waved his hand lovingly in the direction of the ancient thing.

"Don't laugh, boys," he said. "I want to say that that little car is the greatest thing that ever happened. Nothing like it anywhere on earth. Let me tell you about it."

He sank down in a chair, surrounded by a sympathetic crowd.

"Wouldn't you better order up a bottle of something," said Billy Smith, "to celebrate your ownership?"

"Cheerfully. How many of you have heard of Touter?"

"You mean," said Billy, "that chap who lives up your way; the fellow who has been arrested so many times for overspeeding?"

"The same."

"What's that to do with—that thing?"

"A great deal. You probably know, if you have ever run across Touter, what his favorite trick is."

"I know," broke in Jake Scott; "he's one of those fiends who, when he comes up with you on the road just pushes himself ahead until he gets right in front of you, and then hangs there and lets you take all of his dust. The worst of it is that he has such a fast car that you can't catch him."

At this moment Major Whipple came into the room.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, "did I hear someone mention that fellow, that infernal nuisance, Touter? He ought to be mobbed. He ought to be shot down in cold blood. There are a good many like him, but he is the most pronounced case of a road-hog that I ever saw. Why, the other day, as I was coming down from Buffalo with a party of ladies, he came up behind and deliberately pushed himself ahead of me, just far enough so that we were suffocated for nearly thirty miles. He wouldn't leave us, and he wouldn't let us go ahead. Gentlemen, if it was thirty years ago a man would be called out for that. I tell you, we are living in a degenerate age. Hello there, Chester, haven't seen you for a week. Where have you been?"

"Been on a trip across the continent," laughed Billy Smith. "Notice his car in front? Great stuff, eh, Major?"

"You don't mean to say——" said the Major.

Chester nodded.

"Sit down, Major," he said. "I want to tell you about Touter. I've been with Touter for the last week. That's why I haven't been here."

"Been with Touter?" was chorused from all sides.

"Yes. Let me tell you about it. Living near Touter, as I do, I've been bothered with him for some time. It isn't very pleasant, especially when you have ladies, to have the dust needlessly thrown into your face by a bounder like that, the kind of a chap that brings decent automobiling into such disgrace. I really believe that the habit grew on him. He saw that it annoyed others, and he got so that he couldn't get along without it. Whenever he saw a car filled with quiet, respectable people, he would take his place in front of it, and just hang on. Lots of 'em do it, of course. As the Major says, they ought to be shot. But Touter had the habit worse than any one I ever saw. Well, boys, I've been with Touter for a week. I've been having all kinds of fun with Touter."

"Is that car outside the net result?" asked Billy Smith.

"No, sir; that car is the cause. I couldn't catch Touter in my other car. He was too fast for me. So I got this one. You see, there was a four cylinder 120 engine around in the garage—one that they brought over from France to try out in Florida, and they lent it to me. We put it inside of that old body you see out there. We had trouble in getting the body onto it, and fixing up a direct drive that would work, to say nothing of the circulation. But the boys, when they heard what I was going to use it for, stayed up nights and got it going. Does it go? Well, rather! Why, Major, the wind whistles through it like an Aeolian harp in a hurricane.

The Major leaned forward.

"And you met Touter, did you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I met him, and in the classic words of a distinguished member of your profession, 'Touter was mine.' I started in to do the job last Monday. I laid for Touter about a mile beyond his place, as I knew he always went into town that day. I kept opening and shutting the muffler, you know, just to convey the impression that my insides were a trifle mixed. And then Touter whizzed by. Of course he didn't look at me twice. He merely gave me a passing glance, about the same that an elephant would give a grasshopper, and shot ahead. I was too small game for him. He was looking for a nice, quiet, gentle touring car, with ladies in it. Well, then, I began to jack my little old outfit up a little. Pretty soon, when I had almost caught up, I blew my horn. I had a big horn put on, on purpose. Of course Touter didn't even look around. But he began to speed up. I kept honking and honking, as a sort of introduction to the continued story I was going to spring on Touter. The more I tooted the faster Touter went. But I was getting all of his dust that I ever intended to get, so at the next straight stretch in the road I whooped her up, and before Touter knew it I was ahead. Of course, he couldn't believe his senses. The thing was done so quick, it was over so soon, that he had scarcely time to wink. Of course he didn't turn out, but I slid by all the same.

"Then I settled down right in front of Touter. I had a muffler fixed with three outlets to it that just blew up all the dust in the road. Why, boys, I give you my word—you can see it from the window now—that when I pass over a road it is as clean as marble. Was Touter mad? I guess he was. He tooted to me and I tooted back. If he attempted to pass me I would block him, and when I couldn't block him, I would touch the old thing up, so he couldn't catch me. I left him that day just before he got to his office, but I was waiting for him when he came out. I've been in front of Touter for a week, doing nothing else but give him dust. I made up my mind that I would keep it up until he beckoned to me, and yesterday afternoon he did it."

"What did he say?" asked the Major, breathlessly.

"He followed me home, and when I got out, he waved."

"'Wait a moment,' he called. 'I want to see you. What do you mean, sir, by this outrageous conduct?'

"'You know what I mean,' I called back. 'Your name is Touter. You've been a nuisance long enough. I've kept you busy for a week, showing you how you have been treating other people. Now, if I ever hear of you doing this sort of thing again, I'll hire a man by the year to run this car in front of you. Good-by, Touter.'"

"What did he say?" asked Billy Smith.

"Nothing. He just went away. But they tell me he is cured. Everyone I saw this morning says that there's no danger of his ever doing it again."

The Major leaned forward.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I move that a subscription be immediately started to erect a monument to our noble friend here, who is a pioneer in one of the best causes I know."

"Second the motion," said Billy Smith, as everybody cheered.—Chesterton Todd in Life.

Mr. William Mackenzie says that it took him only two months to raise $10,000,000 in England. No doubt, as a Scotman remarked on another occasion, he "didna begrudge the time." Nor did he exhaust John Bull's treasury. As General Manager Hanna, of the Canadian Northern Railway, just back from London with Mr. Mackenzie, puts it, the British Isles are a wonderful source of supply for the world's financial needs. British trustee funds invested abroad amount to $14,000,000,000.—Toronto News.

"What constitutes a first-class society drama?" "Three acts, six gowns and nine epigrams."—Washington Herald.

What Canadian Editors are Saying

THE Canadian newspapers yesterday pretty nearly all swallowed the American Associated Press despatch referring to Mrs. Maybrick, in which it was stated that the murderess was released from prison by the British authorities "at the request of the women of the United States." As a matter of fact, the women of the United States had no more to do with Mrs. Maybrick's release than the Ahkund of Swat. She served the whole "life" sentence, which, according to the British interpretation, is 21 years less three months per year for good conduct. The "women of the United States" did start an agitation in favor of Mrs. Maybrick, who was an American, immediately after she was sentenced, but not even the extraordinary anxiety of the British Government to be on friendly terms with the United States resulted in the slightest change in the course of the law.—Ottawa Free Press.

* * *

As customary with a Flesherton audience, the first notes of "God Save the King" were the signal to arise and pull on overcoats preparatory to leaving the church in the shortest time possible. In case of fire at any public meeting we would advise somebody to strike up the National Anthem.—Flesherton Advance.

* * *

The men that Canada should put in high places are not the low-class professional politicians, but men of action who will be a moral force. This can only be brought about by the expression of public opinion, and the basis of public opinion is the individual. Let each of us, as Canadians take a higher view of public questions. Let us demand of those who represent us in the Township Council the village Council, the County Council, the City Council, the Provincial Legislature, or the Federal Parliament, integrity rather than bombast, and thus do our share towards the formation of a national character that shall be our national pride, and an example to the world. —Canadian Pictorial.

* * *

It is remarked that Jeffries picks James J. Corbett as the gentleman best qualified to accommodate Mr. Johnson. But almost anybody who is willing to accept the wrong end of the purse will do. In the black man's supremacy the "American" boxing game has reached its legimate goal. —Ottawa Journal.

* * *

The release of Castro's political prisoners reads like a page of mediaeval history. To call such a Government a Republic is an abuse of words. Uncle Sam has assumed the over-lordship of this hemisphere—British possessions excepted—and he should see to it that no such tyranny be allowed to exist within his sphere of influence. The United States should be able to produce a Gladstone whose indignant eloquence opened the Neapolitan prisons long ago when Britain did not pretend to have any responsibility for the country affected.—Montreal Star.

* * *

The old cry of "eight hours' work and ten hours' pay" has got a rude jolt. The Intercolonial railway mechanics find that the government quite cheerfully gave them the shorter day, but cut off a corresponding portion of their wages. Then, possibly to rub it in, wished the men a "Happy New Year."—Calgary Herald.

* * *

The Globe has been interviewing Toronto business men on spelling reform. There is something ludicrous in the utterance of one of these, as follows:

"I am old-fashioned, and I stick to the old style and the 'u.' I was taught to spell such words as 'favor,' 'harbor,' 'honor,' with the 'u,' and I have heard no good reasons advanced why I should make a change. Let us not forget the good old Latin and Greek roots. I have yet to learn what is to be gained by leaving out the 'u,' either in regard to sound and expression or to the saving of time."

The business man in question is evidently a little rusty in etymology. The good old Latin roots of the words which he spells "favour" and "honour" are "favor" and "honor"—precisely the same as the up-to-date English spelling. The word harbor is not derived from the Latin at all, but is of Saxon origin. The old English spelling of it was "herbor." "Honour" and "favour" got their "u" through the French, and "harbour" picked up the same letter during the period when the English language was in a state of chaos and every man spelt it according to the dictates of his own conscience. The "old-fashioned" spelling referred to is not even old, compared with the age of the words he mentions.

The ruling of the Ontario Education Department in favor of the "—our" termination has neither philology, simplicity, nor commonsense to commend it. It is supported merely by prejudice.—London Advertiser.

* * *

Joseph Phillips, who wrecked the York County Loan should stay in prison. Quite apart from the man's personality, his was an offence which would become common the moment his kind saw the growth of a tendency to deal gently with them. The diversion of trust funds is at once the easiest and meanest way of making money even in this age when so many men are able to make money by easy and mean methods. As a warning to other men whose arms would go up to the elbows in trust funds the moment justice was relaxed Phillips should stay in prison.—Ottawa Journal.

* * *

Over there in England they ought to be warned that it is only because he thinks he has exhausted the opportunity for making trouble in Canada that Joe Martin is seeking fresh fields in Europe. And indeed Joe ought to take a whirl at Montreal civic government before seeking new outlets for his genius.—Montreal Herald.

* * *

It has leaked out that Mr. John Ross Robertson gave $10,000 to the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital as a Christmas present. His benefactions already amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. He is the Santa Claus of the sick children, all the year round. If any more titles are to go to the newspaper profession, Mr. Robertson should have one.—London Advertiser.

* * *

The customary "saw-off" of election protests has been made, followed by the usual outcry against this practice. Much of the talk is unreasonable. While the exposure and suppression of electoral corruption is left to individuals, or to the political parties, it cannot be expected that cases will be fought out except where some practical advantage is to be gained by the prosecutor. It costs a lot of money to fight an election case, and yet some of the men who protest most loudly against "saw-offs" would be slowest to subscribe $5 towards the expense of a trial. There are stories afloat of large expenditures of money in Fast Simcoe, yet how can it be contended that Mr. Bennett is under obligation to spend $2,000 or $3,000 in exposing the methods of his opponents? The "saw off" puts a premium on corruption, and is particularly objectionable when the central party executive interferes to prevent the local organization from prosecuting a protest, in order that they may buy off prosecution of offenders on their own side in some other riding. But if corruption is to be exposed and stamped out, the duty must be laid on public officials who will have the resources of the Crown behind them. It is too big an undertaking and of too much public importance to leave to private enterprise.—Orillia Packet.

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is because of its delicacy and mildness, recommended by leading physicians to patients of tender constitution,

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THE WM. MARA CO.

"Confession."

(Composed for the young lady of Munich, who recently fell down in the street, "crushed" by the weight of her hat.)

THERE'S something on my head, Father,
There's something on my head;
It bows me down with woe, Father,
It feels like tons of lead.

It's not a motor-car's spare tyre,
Though stretching quite as wide,
It's not a blooming floral wreath
To deck Gargantua's bride;

It's not the latest chimney-pot
With smoke-consuming cowl;
Nor yet Minerva's brazen casque
Surmounted by her owl;

It's not a Dutch stork's nest, Father,
With the parent birds on top;
Nor the latest horticultural "light"
With its French intensive crop.

It's not a straw-thatched roof, Father,
It's heavier far than that—
It's the newest importation,
It's the fashionable hat!

Punch.

We Are Seven.

IN the course of our morning stroll, we met the customary village maiden.

"Good morning, dearie," we said, with studied politeness, "Tell us, if you please—are you the only one in your family?"

She smiled the usual village maiden smile.

"Oh, dear, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know, it is a matter of history that we are seven?"

"So!" we exclaimed. "And if we may be allowed to ask, where are the others?"

She waved her hand in the distance.

"One of them," she explained, "is a Christian Scientist—my eldest sister. Two have taken up the Yogi cult, and are practicing rhythmic breathing all over the country. Two are in New Thought, one is a psychologist, and my little brother has just been converted to the Emmanuel movement."

"And yet you say that you are seven?"

"That's quite correct. I shall maintain it, in spite of everything."

"But, nay, nay," I protested, "if, as you say, all these things have happened, surely, you are not as you have stated."

But the little maid was firm.

"It isn't their fault," she whispered. "Being Americans, they must follow dutifully in the lead of the latest fool fad. So, I still say, with all the emphasis due from my rural position, that *we are seven*.

And that was all I could get out of her.—Life.

A merchant, who recently failed, called all his creditors together, and offered to settle with them at 10 per cent., giving them his notes payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything, they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall, and said:

"When you come in and sign with the others, I will make you a preferred creditor."

"All right," said the objector "Under those circumstances I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed, and all the creditors left, except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"What are you waiting for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Well, I tell you—you will get nothing."

"Get nothing?" Why you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are; I make you preferred. I tell you now you get nothing. The others wait thirty days before they know it, and then they get nothing."—Exchange.